Cambria Freeman.

J. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME IX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1875. NUMBER 41.

PLANING MILL AT PUBLIC SALE!

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the premises in the Borough of Ebensburg, on

SATURDAY, NOV. 13th, 1875, AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following described property, recently occupied by the Ebensburg Mining and Manufacturing Company, consisting

One Acre of Ground

situate in the Ebensburg and Cresson Railroad, having thereon erected

A LARGE PLANING MILL,

two and three stories high, with Boiler Shed attached, 72x62 feet. The machinery consists of one

40-Horse Power Engine and Boiler,

one Planer, 24 inches wide, for surfacing; 1 Surface Planer, 20 in. wide; 1 Circular Rip Saw, with lift tables; 1 Circular Cross cut Saws, with side tables; 1 Circular Crosscut Saw; 1 Double Shingle Machine, with iron frame; one Shingle Machine, with slide heads. The Machinery, with the necessary shafting, pulleys, is in good working order, and the privilege of running water on the premises is unlimited. Said building was erected specially for and used in the manufacture of flooring, siding and moulding, and has all the necessary machinery for the manufacture of handles, brush blocks, ballusters, etc. There is also erected on the premises a large

Story Frame Dwelling House

CONTAINING SIX ROOMS AND A CELLAR.

At the same time and place, will be sold a quantity of Lumber, consisting of Pine and Maple Lumber, which is well known at sale.

JOHN A. BLAIR,
JOHN LEWIS,
WM. B. BONACKER.

Orphans' Court Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

Coal and Timber Land.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will expose at Public Sale, at Lilly's Station, on the Portage Rail Road, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, '75,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate of ORIO STYNER, deceased, viz:

ONE PIECE or PARCEL of LAND

situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining the lands of the Cambria Mining and Manufacturing Company, heirs of Jeremiah Mellon, and others, containing 210 ACRES, about 80 Acres cleared, having thereon erected two houses. The land is well watered, with three veins of coal, two of said four feet vein are opened, of superior quality for manufacturing. It is so located as regards dip that the coal can be taken out at little expense. A train road connects with the Pennsylvania Rail Road. ORIO STYNER and the Cambria Mining Company at a cost of the estate of ORIO STYNER, deceased. Said land will be sold with the

TIMBER

on the same. One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the residue in equal annual payments, with interest, payment bonds and mortgage to be given by purchaser.

P. M. GEORGE,
JOSEPH CRISTE,
Executors of ORIO STYNER, dec'd.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE PROPERTY!

The undersigned, Assignee of A. Y. Jones and wife, assigning partners of Thomas M. Jones, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, in Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, the 6th day of November

1875, the following described

REAL ESTATE, to wit:

ONE LOT OF GROUND

situate in Ebensburg borough and partly in Cambria township, containing 50 Acres, more or less, about 30 Acres cleared, having thereon erected a FRAME HOUSE, FRAME STORE and CARRIAGE HOUSE, Frame Woolen Factory, containing machinery, viz: 1 fulling machine, 1 broad loom, 1 pair of roll cards, 1 picker, 1 card, 1 spinning mule, 1 carpet loom, 1 mapping press and plates, 1 working machine, 1 yarn reed, together with shafting, pulleys, reeds, shuttles, dyeing apparatus, etc. The Factory is run by water power and has a good run of custom work. The real estate will be sold in one lot.

TERMS.—One-fourth of the purchase money on delivery of deed, one-fourth in one year, and the balance in one year. The deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

DWIGHT JONES, Assignee.

Orphans' Court Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Cambria county, I will expose to Public Sale on the premises in Chestnut township, two miles

SOUTH OF EBENSBURG,

on the 6th day of November, '75.

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate of WILLIAM McCOY, deceased, viz:

A certain Piece or Parcel of Land

situate in the township of Clearfield, County of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania, adjoining lands of Peter Nagle, Henry Krise, and others, containing

SEVENTY ACRES, more or less, about fifty acres in a good state of cultivation, with erected a two story PLANK DWELLING HOUSE, a never failing spring of water close to the house; a good Orchard bearing trees on the premises, and within forty rods of the farm.

TERMS.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the residue in equal annual payments, with interest secured by mortgage and judgment bonds.

CORNELIUS MORRIS,
Executor of WILLIAM McCOY, dec'd.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any manner with the following described personal property, to be sold at Sheriff's sale on the 6th day of November, 1875, in Chest township, Cambria county, as the property of Purnell Thomas, and during my pleasure: 2 bay mares 1 colt, 3 cows, 7 shoats, 2 fields corn, one corn, buckwheat and potatoes, and fodder, 1 windmill, plows and harrows, 2 scraps of bees, field of wheat, 2 sleighs, and a lot of household furniture.

VALENTINE THOMAS.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of CATHARINE CRUM, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Catharine Crum, late of Summerhill township, dec'd, granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

CATHARINE J. BURTNETT,
Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of ELIZABETH CRUM, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Elizabeth Crum, late of Summerhill township, dec'd, granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and all claims against the same will be presented, properly authenticated for settlement.

CATHARINE J. BURTNETT,
Administratrix.

D. McCONNELL, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

LORETTO, PA.

Temporarily occupied by Dr. Jamison. Night calls made at Post-office. [9-14.-6m.*]

A Lost Hour.

A golden hour on a Summer morn,
When half the world was still,
The dew was fresh on the new-mown hay,
And the bridal veil of the fair young day
Hung o'er the purple hill.

The sheep-bells tinkled across the slopes,
Sweet as an elfin chime;
Butterflies flitted athwart the down,
Bees went murmuring, busy and brown,
Over the fragrant thyme.

A languid calm and a dull content,
Silence instead of speech;
The wind sighed low, and the lark sang high,
But the golden hour of our lives went by,
And drifted out of reach.

We both went back to an eager life;
But in its pause to-day
The dream of that golden hour returns,
And my jaded spirit frets and yearns
For one chance swept away.

The years creep on, and the heart grows tired
Even of hopes fulfilled,
And turns away from the world's strong wine
With fevered lips, that must ever pine
For that pure draught we spilled.

And yet perchance when our long day wanes
(Age hath its joys late born;)
We shall meet again on the green hill-side,
And find, in the solemn eventide,
The hour we lost at morn.

—*Good Words.*

KIDNAPPING A ROBBER.

The post-office at Oberville, a small western town in the United States, was a very important place. The worthy postmaster kept a country store, where he dispensed goods of every description.

The district was comparatively new, and formed one of those prairie villages that spring into existence miles away from other towns, and are a sort of nucleus or trading post for a large extent of country. Saturday was the principal trading day; and Mr. Harmon, the postmaster, and his assistants were always overwhelmed with business on that day.

But on the particular Saturday afternoon of which we wish to speak, trade had slackened earlier than usual, and the proprietor and his men were enjoying a breathing time, and chatting with several rough-looking fellows, who had gathered about the stove, many of them being strangers, for a stranger attracted but little notice in that community of new comers.

"Here comes Charley Gilbert, the very man I want to see!" remarked Harmon, as a horseman dashed up to the store and dismounted.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered young Hercules; and the large bay horse he rode looked well adapted to carrying such a weight, and exhibited due equine pride in serving his young master. Both horse and rider were well-known and respected throughout the settlement. Leaving his well-trained animal standing unhitched, Gilbert entered the store.

"You are just the person I wanted to see Charley!" said Mr. Harmon.

"Singular," said Gilbert. "I should think you would rather not see me, as you know the object of my call. People are not generally so welcome when they come for money."

"Well, I am an exception in this instance, for I am anxious to get rid of the amount I owe you. Fact is, there have been burglars about and they tried to break into my store last night, but were frightened away; so I prefer you would hold this money against more successful attempts of the kind."

And Mr. Harmon proceeded to count out a large roll of notes, which Gilbert placed carefully in his pocket.

"Now, Charlie," said neighbor Hill, one of the party seated around the stove; "you had better keep a look-out, 'cause some one might stop you to-night before you return from Cranton."

The allusion to Cranton brought a slight blush to Charley's cheeks, for it was well-known that he was on his usual Saturday evening visit to a certain young schoolmistress, who dwelt in the neighboring settlement.

"How do you knew I am going to Cranton?" asked Charley.

"Well, I only suppose so, 'cause I've heard said you do go that way about this time 'o the week;" and Hill winked to the crowd, who laughed; and Charley Gilbert, not wishing to discuss the subject further, left the store, and mounting old Hero, was soon out of sight.

"Mighty fine chap, that Gilbert is," resumed Hill to his fellow loungers; "been in the army and won his way, an' now he has got his allotment of land out here, an' will soon have one of the finest farms in this country."

The short autumn day came to a close, and it was long after dark ere Gilbert reached his destination, and received his usual hearty welcome from Sarah Denton.

Saturday nights were the bright spots in her dull life as a schoolmistress, and were sure to bring her Charley. Old Hero had carried his master over the road so often, that he knew just what was required of him, and needed no urging.

It was late when Charley took his leave of his sweetheart.

"Now, do be careful," were her last words, "for you know there might be danger on the road, so many robberies have been committed lately."

"Never fear, Sarah; Old Hero will take me home safely."

And, with a good-by kiss, he mounted and rode away.

The night was dark—no light except the stars that sparkled crisply from a clear sky. But, had it been ever so dark, it would have made no difference to Charley. His thoughts were of the sweet girl he had just left, and, paying no attention to his horse, he rode slowly along, intent upon plans for the future.

"The money I have received to-day will enable me to complete my home; then Sarah will be my wife, and we shall live on the farm such a happy life," he mused.

A long, dark patch of forest loomed ahead, through which the prairie road ran, and not until he had entered its dark shadows, did the horseman arouse from his blissful reverie.

"What if I should be attacked!" thought he. "I have nothing to defend me, and enough money to make it a good haul for such gentry. Humbug! I don't believe there is any danger——"

"Halt!"

And two dark forms sprang into the road, seized his bridle, and the steely glitter of pistols leveled at him, within a few feet of his breast, startled him.

Like a flash, his good right arm struck the weapon from the hand of the robber, and fell heavily upon the shoulder of the fellow; and with a sudden jerk of the powerful arm he was hauled over the saddle-bow, while old Hero, in response to a dig of the spur, sprang away, jerking the other robber off his feet, and causing his bullet to spread wide of its intended victim.

On through the gloomy woods, and out again upon the open prairie, dashed the horse with his double burden, while the robber struggled like a child in the powerful grasp of his captor. A closing of the fingers over his neck soon reduced him to quiet; and, held in this manner, he rode an unwilling captive, and, at last, the lights of Oberville appeared, and soon they were in the village. At a word from his master, Hero stopped in front of the post-office, from the window of which a cheery light shone, denoting that the assistants were still busy replacing the goods that had been taken down during the day's traffic.

"Hilloa!" cried Gilbert.

A head appeared at the door, and a voice answered, "Hilloa! Who's there?"

"It's me, John, and I have got something nice here; come help me in with it," answered Charley.

"It's Gilbert," said John, addressing his fellow-shopman. "What's that you've got, Charley? a saddle of venison?" asked John as he approached.

"Better than that, John. It is a real live little deer. Come and lift him down, but hold him fast," said Gilbert.

The astonished shopmen gathered about, and Charley told them of his adventure. Soon the robber was released from his unpleasant position on the saddle and taken into the store, where his captor followed.

Here he was safely bound.

"I think I have seen this fellow before," remarked John, as he took a survey of the captive. "He is the stranger that was sitting at the stove here when Mr. Harmon paid your money, Charley."

"Let's search him, and see what sort of plunder he has about him," suggested one of the shopmen.

The prisoner's pockets revealed a small flask of liquor, a pack of cards, some little money, and a savage-looking dirk knife.

"Hilloa, what's this?" exclaimed Gilbert, picking up a piece of paper that fell on the floor, and opening it, read:—"One thousand dollars reward for the capture of one William Larkin, the supposed leader of a gang of robbers and horse-stealers. He is a short, slim man, about five feet six inches in height, dark hair, heavy black eyebrows, and moustache, and peculiar-looking, small black eyes——"

"Answers the description to a T," broke in John.

"Aha William Larkin, or Curly Bill! I've heard of him. Charley, you're in luck! This fellow is a prize, indeed!" added one of the assistants.

"Yes; this placard is from the sheriff of St. Joe, and is dated only a week ago," said Charley, after finishing the reading.

"Gentlemen," said the robber, "you have got the original Curly Bill, and when you deliver me up, you will get that reward. I am in your power; but these strings are bound around my wrists most unmercifully tight,"—with a grimace of pain. "Can't you afford to make 'em easier?"

"Yes, let them out a little, Jones," said John, addressing his fellow-assistant. "Make them safe, but not too tight, and I will watch the bird mean while."

So Jones proceeded cautiously to re-arrange the bonds on the wrists of the prisoner, while the others gathered around him.

With a sudden jerk of prodigious strength, Curly Bill got his bonds free, dashed his fist into the face of John, and sprang to the door, which had not been locked.

So sudden was his movement, that ere the rest of the group could comprehend the scene, he was clear of the store, and as Gilbert reached the door, he saw the robber spring into the saddle on old Hero's back, and dash away.

Pursuit was not to be thought of; but Gilbert placed his fingers to his mouth, and gave a shrill whistle, hearing which, old Hero, despite the urging of his rider, wheeled suddenly, and at the same wild gallop, started back to his master.

Seeing this, Curly Bill attempted to throw himself from the saddle; but, in so doing, his foot caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged helplessly over the hard road. Fortunately for the poor victim of this mishap, the distance was not great, or the result might have been far more serious.

How often is it that the merest trifling accident contributes to the ends of justice! Villains may successfully carry on their work for years, and in their fancied security forget the fate that must eventually overtake them—a slip, an accident, and the law claims her own.

Gilbert hastened to secure his horse, and the insensible form of Curly Bill was again carried into the store, where an examination revealed a broken head and a fractured leg, which would detain their prisoner as effectually as shackle and chain.

In a few days the sheriff came up from St. Joseph, and took charge of the maimed man, and through his confession, many of his gang of desperadoes were taken or killed, and the country freed of their presence.

Charley Gilbert received his well-earned reward, and the money enabled him to complete his house handsomely and stock the farm, over which Sarah Gilbert presides as mistress.

MR. DICKSON'S BUMP.

We had a lecture on phrenology in Musser's Hall a few nights ago, from a traveling professor of that science, and part of it was quite entertaining. He had on the stand several plaster heads mapped out in town lots, and after he explained what they meant, he invited persons in the audience to come up and let him feel their bumps and explain their characters. Several times he hit it pretty accurately, and excited a considerable amount of applause; but after awhile old Dickson stepped up for examination. He is an absent-minded man, and he wears a wig. While dressing himself before coming to the lecture, he had placed his wig on the bureau and accidentally tossed his plug of tobacco into it. When he put the wig on, it was just like him not to notice the plug, and so, when he mounted the platform he had a lump just over his bump of combatativeness as big as half a hen's egg. The professor fingered about awhile over Dickson's head, and then said:

"We have here a somewhat remarkable skull. The perceptive faculties strongly developed; reflective faculties quite good; ideality large; reverence so great as to be unusual, and benevolence very prominent. Secretiveness is small, and the subject, therefore, is a man of candor and frankness; he communicates what he knows freely. We have also," said the professor, still plowing his fingers through Dickson's hair, "acquisitiveness not large; the subject is not a grasping, avaricious man, he gives liberally, he—he—he—, Why, it can't be? Yes. Why, what in the—! Munificent Moses! that's the most awful development of combatativeness I ever heard of! Are you a prize-fighter, sir?"

"Prize-fighter!" exclaimed Dickson. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Never been a soldier, or a pirate, or anything like that?"

"You certainly must be crazy," said Dickson.

"Ain't you fond of going into scrimmages, and rows, and plugging people on the nose?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, sir, then you're untrue to your nature. The way your head's built qualifies you, I should say, in a special manner, as a knocker-down and dragger-out. If you want to fulfil your mission you will devote the remainder of your life to battering-up your fellow man and keeping yourself in one interminable and eternal muss. You've got the awfullest fighting bump that ever decorated a human skull. It's phenomenal. What'll you take for your head when you die? Gentlemen, this man is liable at any moment to commence raging around this community like a wild-cat, banging you with a club or anything that comes handy. It isn't safe for him to be at large."

Then Dickson put his hand up to feel the bump and he noticed the tobacco. He pulled off his wig, and there was the plug sticking just behind his left ear. Then the professor, looking at it a moment in confusion, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will now—the lecture is—that is, I have no more—. Boy, turn out those lights!"

Then the audience laughed, and Dickson put on his wig, and the professor started to catch the late train.

The science of phrenology is not as popular in our town as it was, and Dickson still remains peaceable.—*Max Adeler.*

WEARY OF LIFE.

Two peasants, husband and wife, named Retty, live at Plessis-sur-Marne, near Paris. They have a little boy, aged six, to whom they are uniformly brutal. The other day the child became weary of life from being beaten so often, and descending to the court-yard where a ferocious bull-dog was chained, he approached the animal resolutely and said: "Tom, do you want to eat me up?" The dog looked up and growled, but did not move. "Tom," said the little one, "you must eat me, because papa beats me too much; and then I promise you I am good to eat. See! I shall not resist;" and he threw a pebble at the dog, who, springing fiercely at the boy, threw him down and fastened his teeth in the shoulder. At this instant a neighbor jumped through the window and, driving the bull-dog away, saved the child.

DOMESTIC DIPLOMACY.

She was watching at the window,
As I hurried down the street,
In the simple brown merino
That I fancy looks so neat,
And her smile I thought portentous,
It was so exceeding sweet.

Then she met me at the threshold
With a very loving kiss,
That recalled the early stages
Of our matrimonial bliss,
And I felt at once a tremor—
Was there anything amiss?

No! The children were all quiet,
And the hearth was very bright,
And my pet—our rougish Charlie—
Was quite festal in his white;
Yet I braced myself for something,
Be that something what it might.

My chair was near the fire
And my slippers by its side,
My pipe was very handy
And my papers open wide,
And she wore the pretty breastpin
That I gave her when a bride.

The dinner was perfection—
It was lavish without waste;
The soup was vermicilla
And exactly to my taste,
While the desert was a triumph
Of artistic skill in paste.

And when the meal was over,
And the inner man at rest,
She drew her chairb eside me,
With her baby on her breast
I felt, and so I told her,
I was one among the blest.

Oh! the smile of tender radiance
That illumined all her face,
As I clasped her to my bosom
In a lover's fond embrace—
It was then she softly whispered,
"Won't you let me have that lace?"

THE SOLITARY SETTLER.

Fifteen miles below Natchez there is a deep bend in the Mississippi, where steamers used to stop for a supply of wood. The point has a name, but I have long since forgotten it. I was a passenger on board the steamer Prairie Belle, when we ran alongside of the river bank, at the point above indicated, for the purpose of taking in fuel. Freight there was none awaiting us, and as we had none to land, our stay was very brief. Far as the eye could reach over the clearing, there was no habitation to be seen, unless the poor hut that stood about a hundred feet from the bank could be dignified by that appellation.

Seated upon the bank, with his legs swinging in indolent ease, sat the most singular looking individual I ever beheld. He was chewing tobacco vigorously, and paying not the least attention to the steamer or any one connected with her His face was long and his cheeks hollow, and his hair of grayish hue, tangled and thick, hung upon his shoulders in disordered masses. His eyes were small, of a pale blue, but very bright, and he seemed to have but three upper and the same number of lower teeth, which were directly in front of his mouth. His dress was extremely ridiculous. On his head he wore a napless black hat, that was as full of indentations as the river bank on which he was perched, while a blue cotton shirt with an immense collar, and a pair of jean pants and heavy cowhide boots completed his attire.

Dave Perkins, the mate (whose acquaintance I cultivated, for I found him a very amusing fellow,) came to my side and remarked:

"There's a very queer genius sitting on the bank. Some people say he is crazed, but I don't think so. His odd ways have, no doubt, given credence to the rumor, but the poor fellow had a big misfortune once, and it has rendered him indifferent to everything and everybody."

"He certainly is a singular looking character," I replied. "If his story is interesting I should like to hear it."

"Wait until we get under way," replied Perkins, "and I'll tell it to you." So saying he turned toward the man in question, and asked:

"Well, Andy, how goes it to-day with you?"

A tremendous squirt of tobacco juice and a nod of the head was the only reply the mate received, and the queer man gazed up the river. As soon as we were once more steaming over the muddy waters, I sat down beside the capstan and reminded the mate of his promise. The following were his words as nearly as I can remember them:

About a half mile above the spot where we wooded, there once stood a snug house, and a nicely cultivated patch that belonged to Andy Robbins. He was a pretty industrious fellow, as the times went. His wife was a good woman, but, like all girls who live isolated lives, she had very little idea of the world; and, beyond seeing a passing steamboat and her passengers, she had no idea of what the world was like.

Andy was a great hunter, and you couldn't find a better rifle shot than he was anywhere along the Mississippi. It was astonishing the number of squirrils that man would shoot in a day; if I told you, you wouldn't bdlieve me. He always had his rifle with him, even when he went out for a stroll with his wife.

Andy had one child, an infant about a year old, when his troubles came on him. I don't think there was anything he doted on like that little thing he used to carry in his arms to look at the boat wooding.

It was an afternoon in October, when the leaves were just tinted with yellow and red, that Andy, with his child in his arms and his wife by his side, started out to take a walk. The afternoon was calm as sleep. I recollect it well. Not a cloud was visible, and not a breath moved the water or stirred a leaf. The stillness was deep almost to melancholy, and it seemed as if nature had sunk to a repose from which she could hardly be awakened.

Andy and his wife walked down by the river for a couple of miles, and seated themselves beneath some large trees, where they passed the afternoon, and it was not until his wife called his attention to the growing darkness that he was aware that a storm was at hand.

"It certainly is very dark," he said, "though it's not sunset yet. Come, wife, we must hasten home, or baby will have a wet skin."

They arose and commenced to walk hastily. Every instant the darkness seemed to increase with uncommon rapidity, and Andy felt very anxious for his child. There was not a breath of air and the water was still and motionless; but some bright flashes in the west and a distant muttering of thunder warned them to hurry on.

Faster and faster traveled Andy and his wife, and now his house was in sight and he would soon reach it. He laughed and hugged his boy to his heart. At length the house was gained, and Andy stood on the threshold, having given the baby to its mother. He was gazing at a queer-shaped cloud that was coming down upon them very fast. It looked like an inverted mountain.

"What's the matter?" called out his wife. "What are you looking at Andy?"

He did not reply at once, but after awhile he said: "Don't undress the baby, and don't you take your things off either."

"Why, what's the matter, Andy?" again questioned his wife.

"Well," he replied in a low voice, "I'm afraid we are going to have a whirlwind, and it may be neccessary to seek the old cave just back of the house, especially if yonder cloud be a waterspout."

Mrs. Robbins went to the door and gazed westward; as she did so her cheeks grew pale.

"I do believe you are correct," she said; "perhaps we had better go to the cave at once."

Before her husband could reply the storm burst upon them with all its fury, and they were compelled to retreat in-doors. Mrs. Robbins clasped her child to her arms, while the building rocked as if it were at sea. She gazed out of the windows only to see giant trees uprooted and carried through the air on the wings of the tornado.

"Is it not awful?" she asked, with trembling breath.

Andy nodded; he was trying to trace the course of the cloud, but the air was so thick with leaves and darkness, that he was not able to see a dozen yards beyond him.

All at once there came an awful crash, the house was lifted from its foundation, and a piercing scream came from his wife's lips. The next moment the dwelling burst wide open, and the water crushed the wreck as you would a handful of straw. I often have heard Andy relate his sensations. The first feeling he had was as if he were struggling for his life at sea. A huge wave dashed him high in the air, as he shrieked the name of his wife. He heard the roar of waters in his ears and then he became insensible. He never knew how he escaped but his preservation was wonderful. The following day, he found himself nearly a mile from his home, bruised and sore. As fast as he could he traveled to the spot where his house had stood, and looked upon the scene of desolation, making the woods ring with his voice as he called upon the name of his wife.

For days after he traveled the country through, searching for those of his family who had been swept into the river by the whirlwind. 'Twas hard to make him believe that he was alone in the world, and it was only when the bodies of his wife and child were discovered, some days later, that he seemed to realize the fact.

Some hands on a boat buried the unfortunate ones near by where their bodies were found. Then it was that Andy Robbins built the sorry old cabin you behold. It stands within a few feet of the spot where the grave of his wife and child are made, and nothing can tempt the old fellow to leave it.

Some years ago an eccentric bachelor died in New Orleans and left a good slice of his property to Andy Robbins. Many supposed this unexpected good luck would induce Robbins to leave his solitude and go to live in the city. But all such surmises were vain. The old fellow refused to leave his haunt, and heard of his good fortune without the least appearance of exultation.

Andy Robbins was still living a few months ago, and should the reader ever pass along the Mississipi river at the point I have indicated, he may see the cabin, and, perhaps, its occupant sitting on the river bank, looking as it were for those who will never come to revisit him this side of eternity.

THOSE gray-headed girls who go about the country complaining that their raven locks turned white in a single night, may now seal up their mouths. The British Royal Society has made researches extending over a period of more than two hundred years, and failed to discover a single case of sudden change in the color of human hair.

A NOOSE PAPER—A death warrant.

ROASTING THE PRISONER.

Europeans say that our language is the most difficult of all known tongues to master, not even the Russ being an exception. True or not, some of our adopted citizens are slow to speak it fluently and correctly. A humorous illustration of the folly of placing in an important public position any one ignorant of the ordinary signification of well known English words, is happily told in the subjoined anecdote:

The immense popular reprint given to the sketch of Sheriff Ruth, of Zanesville, Ohio, opening court, prompt us to relate his experience in wrestling with the writ of fieri facias. Shortly after his induction into office, Judge Wood, of Morgan county, on the bench, a motion was made to confirm the sale of certain lands made by the sheriff. Looking over the papers, which were evidently incomplete, Judge Wood inquired whether the sale had been made upon a fieri facias or upon an alias writ. Col. Bull, of counsel, responded that the sale had been made on a fi. fa.

"The writ is not with the papers," replied Judge Wood. "Mr. Sheriff, will you bring in the fieri facias in the case of Lemon vs. Woodruff." "Vat ish dot, your honor?" asked Mr. Ruth, with a deeply puzzled expression of countenance. "Bring in the fieri facias in the case of Lemon vs. Woodruff." "But, your honor," remonstrated Mr. Ruth, "dot ish coalstone ve burn mit the gort haus." It was now the turn of Judge Wood and the bar to look puzzled. "I don't see, Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, "what particular difference it makes whether we burn stonecoal or wood we want the fieri facias in the case of Lemon vs. Woodruff." "Vell, shudge, you need not get mat, I will bring him in." As he went out at the rear door of his office in the jail he met Sam Chapman, a waggish member of the bar, and accosted him with: "Vell, Mister Shapman, vat for dues de shudge vant dem fire faces? Do dey roasht der brisoner like a packlog?" "Certainly," replied Sam, who saw fun ahead; "of course they do when they can't get a confession out of him any other way." "Vell, dot beats de bucks. Dot ish worse than in der old country. Vell, py shimminy, they will roasht old Voodruff like a packlog. He garry his township for me, und now I roasht him like a pig. Dot ish pad ven I run mit de sheriffs office an udder time.

In a few minutes Sheriff Ruth came into court and was received with a perfect hurricane of laughter from the bench, bar, and bystanders. Uunder each arm he had an old fashioned andiron, surmounted by huge brass masks or casts of the heads of Momus, polished like mirrors. Setting them down on the green baize table with the utmost gravity, he said. "Dere, Mister Shudge, ish de fire faces dot I haf in mine office, und oof you roasht old Mr. Voodruff, I vash my hands mit der proceeding. Oof a man garry his township for me I not make him like a pack log und roasht him like a pig. Old Mr. Woodruff was not roasted, and Mr. Ruth was initated into the mysteries of the fi-fa

IXION.

—*N. Y. Mercury.*

FEATS ON THE TIGHT ROPE.—The excitement caused by a mishap of "Jove the Thuncerer," the other day at the Crystal Palace, London, recalls a similar scene that took place some fifty years since at Aachen. A vast gathering of people of all nations were met on the Platz to see a celebrated rope-dancer, an Englishman, mount on a line from the ground to the top of a high tower. It was the first time, so it was given out, that such a mode of ascent had been attempted. The anxiety of the spectators was strained to the utmost in watching the performer, who with careful steps was making his way up the line, when suddenly from one of the windows of the tower a rival was seen to come out and rapidly march down the rope. Certain death to both seemed inevitable. But just as they met, the man going up crouched down clinging to the rope, his opponent took a flying leap over the prostrate figure, regaining his footing on the rope, and finished his descent in safety. The daring performer of this feat was a german student who had been brought forward by King Frederick William III., jealous of the national honor even in rope-dancing, to cast the much boasted performance of the English acrobat into the shade. The young man has since became known as the celebrated Kolter—a name as well known in Germany as Blondin at the Crystal Palace.

A KIND HEARTED LADY was reproved on one occasion by a friend for giving money to a stranger, who seemed to be very poor, and asked charity in the streets. "Suppose he spend the money for rum," said the suspecting and censorious friend. The quick and generous answer was, "If you must suppose at all, why not suppose that he had spent the money for bread? Why suppose what is evil about any one when you are at liberty to suppose what is good and noble?" That lady had the true Christian spirit.

—Susan B. Anthony said recently that she would "just like to catch a burglar in her room once." The remark having been reported the next day received a note signed "A. Burglar," which read as follows: "Deer Miss, if yure intenshuns is honerable I woodn't mind climmin to yure room'sum nite as yu rekwest."

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Nov. 5, 1875.

THE Baltimore *News* says Grant should not have a third term because we are out of ex-Presidents.

THE indications, in the opinion of the Pittsburgh *Post*, are very strong that President Grant is going to so shape the Cuban and Spanish question as to re-elect himself for a Third Term. A foreign war during the Presidential canvass next year, or even the imminence of a foreign war, would furnish the "imperative necessity" that Grant speaks of for breaking over the "two term" rule and setting up for an indefinite number of Presidential terms. We are at present fully convinced that this is the object of the Cuban policy now being foreshadowed.

ELECTIONS took place in ten other States besides Pennsylvania last Tuesday. In Massachusetts, the Republican succeeded in defeating Gaston, who was elected Governor last year by a political miracle. In New York the Democratic State ticket was elected, but by what majority we cannot now definitely state. New Jersey elected a Republican Legislature. In Maryland, Carroll, Democrat, is elected Governor by a small majority, with a Democratic Legislature. Wisconsin, Minnesota and Kansas went for the Republicans. Mississippi cut loose from carpet-bag rule and elected four Democrats to one Republican to Congress. Virginia doubtless elected a Democratic Legislature, although we have yet seen but few returns from that State. The majority for the Republican ticket in Pennsylvania will probably reach 16,000.

THE Agricultural Department reports the condition of the corn crop, as given on the 1st of October, as exceptionally high. Its average status in several of the States is above the standard of good condition; *i. e*, in extra thrift and productive vigor. This is the case in all the Southern States except Louisiana and Texas; in all the Middle States except New York; and in Missouri and Kansas in the West. In the remaining States, with few exceptions, the averages are higher than usual of late years, after the customary ravages of insects and withering of drought. Wisconsin appears to have sustained most injury from frost. In the Ohio Valley States the extraordinary promise of September has been somewhat reduced by frost in low lands, or in the area planted late and slow in maturing. There will be a large quantity of unmerchantable corn soft and loose on the ear, and a considerable proportion of unsound fodder. The crop will be comparatively large in quantity, but poor in quality, except in the Southern and Pacific States. Some injury from frost, between September 20th and 30th, resulted as far South as Tennessee in the West, and from Maine to Virginia on the Atlantic coast. In the South, the principal losses resulted from storms. The equinoctial in Texas was very destructive in the Southern part of the State. Worms caused some damage in Florida, and drought was injurious in portions of the State.

THE political battle in Pennsylvania has been fought and the Democracy have been defeated. Whether the result has been achieved by fair means or foul, remains yet to be developed. Hartranft's majority in Philadelphia is 17,352. That city has a population of about 780,000, and the registry lists contained the names of 171,000 persons as legal electors; but no one who is not a fool doubts that the lists embraced *forty thousand* illegal or fictitious names. Judge Ludlow, upon whom was imposed the onerous task, struck from only a portion of these fradulent registry lists over *twelve thousand* names, and if the work could have been continued long enough, *twenty thousand* more would have disappeared. It is simply incredible that Philadelphia, with more than two hundred thousand *less* population than New York, should have on the registry lists almost *thirty thousand* more qualified voters, the number in New York at the late election being 144,000. It is now the first time that fradulent votes in Philadelphia have cheated the Democracy of the State out of their candidate for Governor. It was done in 1869 when Asa Packer ran against John W. Geary, and the fraud has been admitted by some of the very scoundrels who took a leading part in its perpetration.

The meaning of last Tuesday's election is, that a majority of the people of the State have proclaimed their opposition to retrenchment and reform in the administration of their State government, and that the system of reckless and profligate expenditure of the public money which has prevailed during the past three years shall have uninterrupted sway for four years longer. They have said by their votes that they do not object to being plundered, but that having become accustomed to it, they are rather pleased with it, and desire that the amusement may be continued. The taxpayers of the State, by their verdict at the polls, have given the thieves of the treasury ring a new lease of power and they will have no right to complain of anything that may be done in the future. They have paid their money and have made their choice. They acted deliberately and with a full knowledge of the past history of radicalism in the State, and the responsibility, therefore, is all their own. Let it rest where it properly belongs.

Iliff, the Cattle King.

JULESBURG, Oct., 18.—I propose to give some account of the cattle king of the West and the "boss ranche" of the country. The cattle king is none other than J. W. Iliff, whose ranche is in northern Colorado. This ranche is 156 miles long and begins at Julesburg on the east, and extends to Greeley on the west, it includes bottom and upland ranges, and has several camps or ranches. The chief ranch is nearly south of Sidney and about forty miles from Julesburg. At this ranche there are houses and sheds, and some more than two sections of land fenced in. All the cattle bought by Mr. Iliff are turned over to him and branded at this place. Here are his private stock yards, with corrals, chutes, and all the neccessary conveniences for handling cattle. It is on the South Platte River, and of course has fine watering facilities, while from the bottom land adjacent plenty of hay may be cut for the use of the horses employed in herding. He cuts no hay for his cattle. They live the entire year on the rich native grass on his range, and with the exception of a severe winter now and then, the percentage of loss is not very great. Mr. Iliff is a thorough cattle man, and from his long experience has a perfect knowledge of the business. He has bought and now owns some twenty thousand acres of his present range, and will undoubtedly purchase more land as soon as it comes into market. He now owns 26,000 head of cattle, and will have this number after his sales for the present year are completed. The number of calves branded this year on his ranche will be from 4,500 to 5,000 head, and his sales of three and four year old steers and fat cows the present fall will probably amount to about the same number. He told me he expected to realize the sum of $33 per head net on his sales this year. At this rate 4,500 head would bring him the snug little sum of $148,500. To take care of this immense herd he employs from twelve to thirty-five men—very few usually in the winter and the largest number during the "round ups" in the spring. At the present time he has twenty-four men employed and is cutting out of his herd the four-year old steers and fat cows which he intends to ship. While engaged at this work the same men are gathering the cows with unbranded calves, which they put into the corrals near by, and after the calves are branded they are turned loose with the herd again. His herd is rapidly being graded up by the introduction of thoroughbred Durham bulls. In addition to the cattle raised on his ranche, he deals largely in Texas and Indian cattle, and has now advertised for 20,000 head of Texas cattle to be delivered at his ranche in July of next year. Mr. Iliff estimates the increase of cattle from his home herd—outside of purchases and sales—to be about 70 per cent. per year, and about equally divided as to gender. His shipping points are at Pine Bluffs and Julesburg on the Union Pacific, and at Deer's Trail on the Kansas Pacific. Lest any one should come to the conclusion that this business is all profit and that the expenses do not amount to much, let me further state that Mr. Iliff's policy is to keep his expenses as low as possible, having the keeping and safety of his cattle constantly in view. Last year I think the expense of herding, &c., amounted to less than $15,000, and will amount to a still less sum this year. But the losses from thefts and death some years are frightful. The winter of '71-2 I think was very severe. There were deep snows over his range that remained on the ground a long time, and the storms were incessant. In the midst of these storms Mr. Iliff visited his ranche and found his cattle literally dying by thousands. On the island in the South Platte River he found and drove off into the sand hills on the south side after great exertion, some 2,700 head, and of this number less than half have since been recovered. Their bleaching bones now whiten the plains in the vicinity where they were frozen and starved to death, and those that were recovered were found in two different States and four different Territories in the Union. More than $24,000 were expended in trying to find them. Nor was this all. It was impossible to tell for a number of years how much the loss had been. His books showed nearly five thousand head unaccounted for. No trace of them beyond skeletons could be found, and at last—in the spring of 1874, I think it was—this number was charged to profit and loss account, and the books balanced for a new start. This large number would probably have averaged at least $20 per head could they have been sold the fall previous, and at this rate they would have amounted to $100,000. I estimate his capital invested in the cattle business at $500,000, and yet from its very nature he is liable to lose half of it during the coming season. Like other business ventures, if a man goes into it of course he takes the chances.—*Omaha Herald.*

SAILORS EATEN BY CANNIBALS.—A year ago last February, the bark Jewess, of Boston, sailed from New South Wales in the direction of Auckland Islands, a group which lies in the South Pacific ocean, near New Zealand. A few days later, the Boston bark, Della M. Long, and an English bark, name unknown, followed on the same course. No tidings of the two Boston vessels were received until recently, when Captain Brower of Biddeford, Me., of the bark Marathon of New York, returning from a voyage round the world, brought back a terrible story in regard to them. At one of the ports at which he stopped he had fallen in with a sailor, or some one who knew him, who purported to be the sole survivor of the three crews.

The vessels, he said, had become becalmed in the vicinity of the Auckland Islands, and laid there together several days. They were boarded at night by cannibals, who came in large numbers, overpowered the crews, plundered the ships and scuttled them. The men were carried prisoners to the shore and furnished food for a horrible feast for their captors. No particulars of the fight, or of the survivor's escape, were obtained, but the facts are pretty well authenticated, and the long absence of the vessels furnishes good ground for believing that the story may be true.

The survivor was one of the crew of the Jewess, and he is said to have related that the surprise was complete, the vessels being some distance from land, and no signs of enemies having been seen. The usual precaution taken when a ship is becalmed in the vicinity of land inhabited by savages, is to drive sharp nails, placed closely together, through boards which are placed over the deck and fastened firmly down, leaving the sharp iron points sticking up. It is then impossible for the bare-footed savages to step upon the deck, and they are shot off at leisure. This precaution was not taken on board the Jewess, the survivor said, because no danger was suspected. It is understood that no ship of the United States navy is now stationed in the South seas or within reasonable distance of the vicinity where the terrible tragedy is said to have been enacted.

The Jewess was nearly 500 tons burden. Captain Mayo, of Chelsea, was the managing owner. Mark Koogins, of East Boston, Caleb Eaton and Frank Lane were part owners. Frank Lewis, of East Boston, was one of the mates. On the three vessels there were probably thirty men, but their names cannot be ascertained, most of them having been shipped in foreign ports. Time will probably bring to light fuller particulars of their horrible fate.

A New Dog Story.

Last Thursday evening, Eddie Gerrold, aged nine years, of Newtonville, a small hamlet in the interior of Watervliet, went into the woods in the rear of his father's house to gather some nuts. He obtained a little bag from his mother at his urgent request to put the nuts in, and started off for the woods in high glee. As evening advanced he did not return, and his parents became anxious and went in search of him, but failed to find him. They continued their search all day Friday, and on the evening of that day returned home tired and footsore, and almost gave the child up as lost. About nine o'clock on Saturday morniug, as most of the residents of the hamlet were in Mr. Gerrold's house sympathizing with the family in the loss of their child, "Jack," a large Newfoundland dog, that has been an attache of the Gerrold family since he was a month old, entered and seemed uneasy, and kept whining and barking at intervals. He was put outside the door for disturbing the family, and after remaining there for some time, he ran into a Mrs. Scovill's house next door, and grasped a loaf of bread that the lady of the house had put under the stove, and ran off with it in his mouth in the direction of the wood. When Mr. Scovill returned, his wife related the incident to him and he felt surprised, as Jack had always maintained a character for strict honesty. He, in turn, related the incident to Mr. Gerrold, and that gentleman felt pretty certain that the dog had some idea of where the child was, and new hope was inspired in the family, and they waited impatiently for the dog's return. Finally he did return in about an hour, and exhibited the same uneasiness that was remarked before. After trying various ruses to attract the family to follow him to the wood, he finally started in that direction with more than half of the residents of the hamlet after him. He led them through many winding paths, until at last they reached a chestnut grove, and there they found the boy lying under a tree with his leg broken. The boy himself told the facts of the case to our reporter substantially as follows: He was upon the tree, and shaking it with all his might to shake off the nuts, and lost his hold and tumbled down, his leg striking the ground with force. He fainted, and the first thing that met his gaze when he became conscious, was the dog standing over him. This was on Friday evening, and the dog never left his side, but kept barking with all his might until Saturday morning. The pangs of hunger the boy felt pretty keenly at this time, and he made an attempt to reach some nuts that lay on the ground a short distance from him. When the dog observed this he started off and returned in a short time with the loaf in his mouth, which he deposited in the boy's lap. He ate of it with relish, and then became lonesome and began to cry. The dog started off again and this time returned with his friends to him. The boy was removed home and a doctor summoned from Cokees, who set the wounded limb.—*Troy Press.*

THE VOTE FOR GOVERNOR IN PENNSYLVANIA SINCE 1790.—Now that the election is over and everybody is interested in figuring up the results, the following statement of the vote cast and the majorities given in the several Gubernatorial contests in this State since the year 1790 will attract no little attention:

1790.		1835.	
St. Clair, Fed..	2,807	Ritner, A. M...	94,023
Mifflin, Dem...	27,725	Wolf, Dem.....	65,804
Dem. maj....	24,923	Muhlenberg D.	40,588
Total.....	30,527	Anti-Mason plurality...	28,219
1793.		Total.....	200,413
Muhlenberg F.	10,706	1838.	
Mifflin, Dem...	18,590	Ritner, A. M...	122,325
Dem. maj....	7,784	Porter, Dem...	127,821
Total.....	29,296	Dem. maj....	5,496
1796.		Total.....	250,146
Muhlenberg F.	1,011	1841.	
Mifflin, Dem....	30,020	Banks, Whig.	113,473
Dem. maj....	29,009	Porter, Dem..	136,504
Total	31,031	Lamoyne, Free Soil.....	763
1799.		Dem. maj....	22,268
Ross, Fed.....	32,641	Total.....	250,740
McKean, Dem.	38,036	1844.	
Dem. maj....	5,395	Markle, Whig.	146,040
Total.....	70,607	Shunk, Dem...	160,322
1807.		Lamoyne, F. S	2,566
Ross, Fed.....	17,037	Dem. maj....	11,716
McKean, Dem	47,879	Total.....	308,928
Dem. maj....	30,842	1847.	
Total.....	64,916	Irwin, Whig...	128,148
1805.		Reigart, N. A.	11,247
McKean, I. D..	43,644	Lamoyne, F. S.	1,861
Snyder, Dem...	38,483	Shunk, De n...	146,081
McK.'s maj.	5,161	Dem. maj....	4,825
Total.....	82,127	Total.....	287,337
1808.		1848.	
Ross, Fed.....	30,575	Johnston, Wg.	168,522
Spayd, Ind....	4,006	Longstreth, D.	168,235
Snyder, Dem..	67,975	Whig maj....	398
Dem. maj....	24,394	Total.....	336,748
Total.....	111,556	1851.	
1811.		Johnston, Wg.	178,034
Tilghman, F.	3,669	Bigler, Dem....	186,489
Snyder, Dem...	52,319	Gazzam, F. S...	48
Scattering.....	1,676	Dem. maj....	8,407
Dem. maj.....	47,037	Total.....	364,571
Total.....	57,603	1854.	
1814.		Pollock, Whig.	203,822
Wayne, Fed...	29,566	Bigler, Dem...	166,991
Snyder, Dem...	51,099	Bradford, F. S.	2,194
Littimore, I....	610	Whig maj....	34,637
Dem. maj....	20,623	Total.....	373,007
Total.....	81,574	1857.	
1817.		Wilmot, Rep...	146,139
Heister, Fed...	59,272	Hozlehurst, N. American....	28,168
Findley, Dem.	66,331	Packer, Dem...	188,846
Dem. maj....	7,059	Dem. maj....	14,539
Total.....	125,603	Total.....	363,153
1820.		1860.	
Heister, Fed...	67,905	Curtin, Rep....	262,346
Findley, Dem..	66,300	Foster, Dem...	230,239
Fed. maj.....	1,605	Rep. maj.....	32,107
Total.....	134,205	Total.....	492,585
1823.		1863.	
Gregg, Fed.....	64,211	Curtin, Rep....	269,506
Schultze, Dem.	89,928	Woodward, D.	251,171
Dem. maj.....	25,717	Rep. maj....	15,335
Total	154,139	Total.....	523,677
1826.		1866.	
Sergeant, Fed.	1,175	Geary, Rep....	307,274
Schultze, Dem.	72,719	Clymer, Dem..	290,096
Scattering.....	1,174	Rep. maj.....	17,178
Dem. maj.....	70,361	Total.....	597,370
Total.....	75,059	1869.	
1829.		Geary, Rep....	290,552
Ritner, Anti-Mason.....	61,776	Packer, Dem...	285,956
Wolf, Dem.....	78,219	Rep. maj.....	4,566
Dem. maj.....	16,443	Total.....	576,508
Total.....	139,995	1872.	
1832.		H..rtranft, R..	353,327
Ritner, Anti-Mason.....	88,165	Buckalew, D...	317,760
Wolf, Dem.....	94,335	Chase, Temp...	1,197
Dem. maj.....	3,170	Rep. maj.....	34,420
Total.....	179,500	Total.....	672,344

—Nelson Griggs, the old man now under arrest at Springfield, and who is said to be one of the most accomplished counterfeiters in the United States, was convicted of counterfeiting in St. Louis twenty years ago and sent to the Penitentiary. United States Commissioner Hoyne, who was at the time Clerk of the Recorder's Court, says he was present when Griggs was convicted, and when he was arrested counterfeit bills on the Canal Bank of New Orleans, reaching the sum of $30,000, was found on him. The prisoner's age is sixty-five years, and Special Agent Brooks reports that he has made counterfeiting a business from boyhood. When a young man, he made a large number of bank notes and secreted them in a barn, where some children found them, and they were thus circulated among the neighbors.—Prone to temptation, several of the men who got the notes signed them, and in attempting to pass them were arrested and sent to prison after conviction for the offense, of passing counterfeit money.

A Brave Boy.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY—THE TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF PLAYING WITH KEROSENE.

WARREN PA., Oct. 29, 1875.—On Wednesday last Mrs. Charles Ginty, living on the Oil Creek road, left her home in charge of her three children and a neighbor's child while she went to make some purchases. The Ginty children were Charley, aged ten; Maggie, three years old, and Edith, a baby, eleven months old. Sarah Smiley, the neighbor's child, was aged seven. During the absence of Mrs. Ginty the girls, Sarah and Maggie, got the kerosene oil can and were playing with it near the stove. Charley was out doors and the baby asleep in the cradle. The little girls in some way spilled the oil out of the can, and a spark snapping from the stove ignited it before it could be taken up. The blaze of the burning oil filled the room, and the screams of the children attracted the boy Charley, who rushed into the house. The flames were between the door and the children, but he rushed through them and first snatched the baby from the cradle and bore it back through the flames and laid it, badly burned, on the ground outside. The Smiley girl got out of a back window, and escaped with slight bruises. As soon as the boy had deposited his baby sister in a safe place, he hurried back to bring out Maggie, the three year old. He fought his way through the wall of fire, and as he reached the space on the other side saw his little sister enter a closet on that side of the house and shut and fasten the door. Charley hammered on the door and called his sister's name, and begged her to open the door so that he might rescue her, for he saw that the house was doomed. The little girl seemed to be crazed with fright, however, and did not open the door. The brave boy was finally compelled to abandon his sister to her fate and fly for his own life. Before assistance arrived the house was all in flames, and the boy was found lying on the ground near the baby, almost unconscious, and was unable to tell the men who were trying to put the fire out that his little sister was locked in the closet in the burning house. A portion of the bedding and furniture was removed, while the child was left to be consumed. It was not until the house was burned up that the terrible announcement was made that one of the children was missing. A search was made among the ruins and the charred remains of the unfortunate child were found.

The injuries received by the brave Ginty boy in saving the baby, and his attempts at rescuing his other little sister, it is feared, will prove fatal. His clothing was nearly all burned off and his hair singed to the scalp. His face and hands are also burned to a blister. The baby Edith is burned badly about the head and face, and is also in a very critical condition. The latest accounts from the scene of the shocking occurrence state that Mrs. Ginty has become a raving maniac.

P. S. Charles Ginty, the brave boy, has since died.

A TERRIBLE BALLOON ACCIDENT.—That was a sickening spectacle and heart-rending occurrence at the Calhoun Fair last Thursday evening. It was the hour for the grand balloon ascension, the big attraction of the fair. The immense air ship was inflated, and, like some chained wild beast, was pulling and surging to be set at liberty. The man with the iron nerve stood ready in his spangles to make the ascent; the manager made a short address to the assembled multitude relative to the performances of the young æronaut upon the trapeze bar attached to the balloon, and just as he was concluding a shout was sent up from the crowd that the balloon was on fire. Accustomed to such expressions from spectators upon similar occasions, the manager treated the voice of the multitude as a joke, and the monster air ship was freed from its moorings, and shot upward with the velocity of a rocket, Professor Atchison, the man with the iron nerve, clinging to the trapeze and waving his cap to the multitude of spectators below. When the balloon had gained an altitude of about three hundred yards the æronaut threw his feet over the bar preparatory to his trapeze performances.—Hanging by his feet, and with his head downward, for the first time during the ascent, he discovered to his horror that the balloon was on fire. Knowing that his doom was sealed, and mindful when too late of the warning of the multitude, he gained an upright position upon the bar as soon as possible, and clutching the rope with his hands he sought by swinging to and fro to divert the course of the balloon in its descent so as to land in a tree-top, but the fire had made too much headway, and the balloon collapsed in an instant and shot downward to the earth with fearful velocity, striking the ground with terrible force, the rapidity of its fall lessened an iota, perhaps, by some projecting twigs from a neighboring tree-top.

The immense crowd was of course paralyzed and stricken dumb with horror; but a few of the more self-possessed, after a moment's delay, rushed to the spot where lay the wreck of the balloon and the remains of the æronant, who, though a mass of broken bones and bruised and bleeding flesh, was not dead. He was at once removed to a place where he could be made as comfortable as possible, and everything that surgical skill and human aid could suggest was done to afford him some relief. Though crushed almost to pieces, and undergoing intense suffering, he revived so far as to be able to converse with those around him. Under the influence of the kindest and most careful treatment, he has improved slowly, and it is now thought that there are some chances for his recovery.—*Owensburg Monitor.*

AN ASPIRING TWO-YEAR OLD.—The Troy *Whig* says: "A day or two since one of our townsmen was engaged in painting the tin roof of his dwelling-house. A sixteen-foot ladder stood up against the house, the top of which projected about a foot and a half above the eaves. While busily engaged at work he was startled by hearing a childish voice say, "Papa, me up high." Looking up, to his horror and astonishment he saw his little two year old boy standing on the eaves of the house with one hand on a rung of the ladder. For a moment he hesitated as to what to do, but finally he spoke quietly to the boy, telling him to stay there and papa would come and get him. The boy obeyed, and the anxious father reached him and taking him in his arms descended the ladder. He did not paint any more that morning.—How the child managed to climb the ladder to the roof and then step off on the eaves, and turn round and take hold of the ladder, all without falling, is a mystery.

—James Martin, a farm laborer, thirty years old, visited Terre Haute, Ind., on Sunday to see his mother, and got into an altercation with his sister's husband, John Trader, by whom he was stabbed fatally. He was then chased by Trader and Trader's father, who had a gun. He climbed the fence of his mother's house, and fell near by, expiring immediately. The murderer ran to the river and escaped in a skiff. Mrs. Trader's first husband, named Andrew Miller, killed her father, who was named Irwin, about three years ago. Old Trader last winter, while intoxicated, shot this same son John, and was imprisoned for it some time.

News of the Week.

—A woman in Illinois, who died the other day, weighed 412 pounds.

—D. H. Branson, of Chester county, has a bull calf, ten weeks old, which weighs over 600 pounds.

—Christian Kauffman, of Landisville, Lancaster county, has a Bible 344 years old, and still well preserved.

—One man in Colorado has a ranch 156 miles long and 260,000 head of cattle. Where was Abraham to this?

—A Williamsport boy was killed recently in a struggle with another boy, his head striking the edge of a board walk.

—"The discovery of gold in immense and inexhaustible quantities" ten mile from Atlanta, Ga., is reported. But let us be calm.

—The grand jury at Concord, N. H., on Thursday indicted Joseph La Page for the murder of Josie Langmaid, at Pembroke.

—William Flat, who left Muncy in 1818, has returned to his friends after an absence of fifty-seven years. He came back flat broke.

—Andrew Allport, of Phillipsburg, has a canary which laid 33 eggs from February 10th to September 1st, and hatched eleven and raised eight birds.

—A little child of Scott Tate, of Pleasant Gap, Centre county, was scalded to death recently by upsetting a vessel of hot tea upon its neck and breast.

—Mr. J. W. Sloss, of Lachawannock township, Mercer county, raised last season 369 pounds of squash from one seed which had been sent to him from California.

—Janette Parker, a Delta (Michigan) township girl, who weighs four hundred pounds, picks up a barrel of flour by the chimes and plays with it over her head.

—La Page, indicted in Concord, N. H., for the murder of Josie Langmade, was identified on Saturday as the man seen in the bushes near the road the girl passed.

—John McSharron, of Drumore township, Lancaster county, had a sixteen acre field of corn this year that husked one hundred and twenty-one bushels per acre.

—At Wilkesbarre on Saturday, in the great ejectment suit of Calhoun M. Derringer vs. Cox *et al.* for coal lands valued at four million dollars, a verdict was rendered in favor of Derringer.

—Reports from England show that severe depression still exists in all departments of trade. Several heavy failures have occurred within a few days.—one of $2,000,000 being the last reported.

—The losses by the recent fire at Virginia City, Nevada, are not so heavy as has been reported. The mines are all right, and will be running again in sixty days. Rebuilding is already quite rapid.

—Samuel and Raphael Shoeneman, two Hebrew clothing dealers in Easton, have received notice that by the death of an aunt in England they, with another brother, inherit property worth $2,000,000.

—Reports come from Port Jervis of a disease which attacks the tongue and throat, which putrefy in a few hours, of course causing death. The throat seems to be the weak point among Americans.

—Sometimes Zach Chandler drops truths by the wayside that are worth picking up. One of his last is that practical jokes are unpardonable, unless they are played on the members of a temperance association.

—A snake was killed in Arkansas recently which measured twenty feet long, twenty-four inches around the girth, three or four inches between the eyes, and which made a track of eight and three-fourth inches.

—Patrick Kelly, aged thirteen years, met with a horrible accident in a colliery in the eastern part of the State on Friday. He was caught by a large belt and carried around a large pulley, causing instant death.

—Saturday night's storm blew down a bridge on the Pan-handle railroad at Cambridge city, Indiana, and the next train, a freight, went into the break, killing the fireman, John Daly, and a brakeman named Ziegler.

—A woman was arrested at St. Albans, Vt., on Saturday by the custom authorities, on the arrival of the Montreal train, with four hundred yards of black silk on her person. She belongs in New York, and has telegraphed there for counsel.

—George Metzger, of Carlisle, Pa., now in his ninety-fifth year, is the oldest person who has ever served in the Pennsylvania Legislature. He was a member during the years 1813 and 1814. He is said to retain his powers of body and mind almost unimpaired.

—The Oxford University press has just published the smallest Bible in the world. It measures 4¼x2¼x¾ inches, and weighs, when bound in limp morocco, less than three and one-half ounces. The type of this dainty little volume, though necessarily very minute, is clear and legible.

—An Athens, Ohio, special says that a colored man named Konmslay, with his wife, left three small children alone while they started to town Friday evening. The house took fire, burning the children to death. It is supposed to have been caused by the overturning of a lamp by the children.

—At five minutes to 10 o'clock Monday night there were two severe shocks of an earthquake felt at Washington city, continuing about forty-five seconds. The direction was a little west of south. There was a rumbling sound, with a perceptible motion, which shook the earth and houses, causing great alarm.

—They have just had a bad case of bolting out in St. Paul. The bolters held a convention and nominated a full "citizens'" ticket. The next morning all the nominees bolted the ticket. The result was about the same as that of the battle between two snakes, where each swallowed the other—there was nothing left.

—The board of education of Union Hill, New Jersey, after an exciting and prolonged meeting on Friday, adopted a resolution by a vote of eight to one, excluding the bible from the public school in that town. Some of the citizens declared the bible will never be allowed to be taken from the schools, even at the risk of bloodshed.

—S. X. Billings and F. W. Knox recently sold their coal properties at Gaines and Pike, on Pine creek, to the Geneva, Hornellsville and Pine Creek railroad company, says the Potter *Enterprise*. The properties comprise 12,000 acres and were sold for $360,000. A coal company is to be organized at once and the railroad built.

—Four ladies of Sunbury hired a horse whose character is fully described by his name, "Thunderbolt," for a ride in the country. They almost with a thunderbolt had struck them. One had both collar bones, a thumb and a finger broken, another had her head broken and the other two sustained painful, but not serious injuries.

—The editor of the Orbisonia *Leader* says that during a visit to Mapleton, last week, he became acquainted with an old lady, who is 65 years old, and never wore spectacles in her life, who makes wax flowers, hair and feather flowers, and during the war she pieced a silk quilt containing over 13,500 patches, and is now at the second one.

—A Binghampton (N. Y.) dispatch says while a party of six persons were boating on the Susquehanna river at Unadillo, on Wednesday, the boat upset and all were precipitated into the water. Maurice Goodrich and wife, of Worcester, N. Y., and Mr. Morehouse and wife, of Unadillo, were drowned. The Goodriches were on their wedding trip.

IS IT YOU

Who said that you would like to get such Clothing as City People wear, rather than the *wholesale goods* commonly sold? This will tell you how to do it.

The very large increase of our business allows us to make A STILL LOWER SCALE OF PRICES, AND

You Can Save Enough

in buying a Suit at Oak Hall

TO PAY FOR THE TRIP

from anywhere in this County to the City of Philadelphia, and have a day of sight-seeing besides. Wanamaker & Brown stand by this Statement, and so will you after one trial.

Character of the Goods we sell! For Men & Boys.

TO be *sure* of what we sell we manufacture our goods, some of them in our own building. They are well cut, sewed and finished. They can be relied upon. Storekeepers out of the city misrepresent us when they say they sell our goods as *we do not wholesale*, but confine ourselves to retail. We bear no ill-will to any one, and state this only because some dealers sell poor goods as coming from our house. To each of our customers we are responsible for articles bought of us. By our plan of Trading the *right names* of the materials on our goods, no one can be misled as to qualities.

How Wanamaker & Brown treat their CUSTOMERS.

THE price in plain figures and *nothing off*. The same price to acquaintances and strangers. To city people and country people alike advantages. With each article sold, a guarantee is given, that the Price is as low as it can be bought anywhere, and that the quality is as represented, also, that the money will be paid back in full, if purchaser within 10 days wishes, for any reason, to return the goods, unworn.

Exactly where the Store is.

THIS is important in fixed, because unprincipled people having stores in Philadelphia, near *Oak Hall*, put signs, cards, advertisements, and stop strangers on the street, with *false directions* about where the store is, so that they may sell their counterfeit goods. There is but one Oak Hall in Philadelphia, it is a large building, the size of four ordinary stores, and is on the South-east corner of SIXTH—SIXTH—SIXTH—SIXTH—SIXTH—SIXTH and Market Streets.

Those who cannot come to the City.

WE send patterns of material and prices by mail when requested. Persons can have made-up goods sent by Express, C. O. D., after sending their measure (we furnish easy directions that any one can measure by), and describing style wanted, and price desired. Payment can be made to the Express Co. on receipt of goods, and the privilege of examining them is allowed before paying. Where goods do not please, we will return the money and pay the expressage back to Philadelphia.

You should be sure to see our name on the Building and over the door as you enter.

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

—Monday morning about seven o'clock the boiler of a locomotive attached to a gravel train on the Lehigh Valley Railway exploded three miles west of Round Brook, killing Thomas Caper, engineer, Abraham King, brakeman, and William Thompson brakeman, besides injuring about twenty others, many fatally. All the cars were thrown from the track by the force of the explosion.

—Mr. J. Edgar Thomson, late President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, who died in May, 1874, left a portion of his estate, valued at over $1,000,000, for the education and maintenance of female orphans of railway employes whose fathers were killed while in the discharge of their duties. There are claims against the estate which if allowed will prevent carrying into effect the desire of the testator.

—Several years ago there was a fashion among Paris suiciders of jumping from high places, and that mode of self-destruction seems likely to become popular in this country. Not long ago a young man threw himself from the Washington monument in Baltimore. A few days afterward a woman leaped from a church steeple in New Orleans. And now a religious maniac has used the Chicago water works tower for a similar purpose.

—Harry Ghaul deliberately shot and killed Joseph Smith, *alias* "Little Smith," at the saloon of Bill Williams, *alias* "Ginger Bill," on Exchange street, Rochester, N. Y., late on Monday night. There was a dispute about paying for drinks, and Ghaul was sent for to settle it. He brought a revolver with him, and as soon as he crossed the threshold he shot Smith dead, the ball going through his neck and spinal marrow. Ghaul was arrested.

During a gale and snow storm on Sunday an accident by which about seventeen persons lost their lives occurred at St. Familie, Isle of Orleans. The people were principally residents of the Island, returning from market, and were being landed from the steamer in a scow, which capsized, and all on board, with one exception, were drowned. During the same gale John Campbell, chief officer of the Steamer Canal Line, and a laborer were drowned.

—Samuel Dennis went out in a boat to shoot ducks, in a pond in Wayne county, this State. He dropped his ramrod overboard, and in making a sudden movement to save it, himself fell into the water and was drowned. Just a year previously, to the very day and hour, John Dennis, a brother of Samuel, was drowned in precisely the same way, and the recommendation is urged that no more of the Dennis family go duck hunting.

—An apparatus for washing smoke, and thus depriving it of its character of a nuisance, is in operation at a factory at Menilmontant, Paris. A fine shower of water, traveling in the direction of the smoke, and at five times its velocity, is projected into the chimney, where it mixes with the smoke, taking up the soluble gases and precipitating the impurities carried up with the smoke by the draught. The foul water is discharged into a cistern, where it is collected, and a fine black paint is got from it.

—John King of Tennessee is very busy asking questions about what has taken place during the last thirteen years. He had a farm in Tennessee in 1862, and the soldiers of both armies made themselves cordially at home on his premises. So he removed with all his produce to a cave in the Cumberland Mountains. A storm threw down a rock, which closed the mouth of the cave. Therein he lived for thirteen years, in the dark, eating from his produce and drinking from a spring. The other day a railroad company, blasting for a tunnel, blasted him out.

—The Erie (Pa.,) *Dispatch* relates the following instance of a woman's power of endurance: "A young woman, a few days since, walked from Warren to the Rouse Hospital in this place, and asked admission. The Superintendent refused her. She then walked the same day sixteen miles further, to Spring Creek, was delivered of a child when alone, wrapped it in her apron, left it on the doorsteps of a citizen of the place, and walked on a distance of seven miles to Corry before daylight the next morning. The girl is now working at a hotel in Warren."

—The Pope's household consists of 537 persons, the chief of whom are Cardinal Antonelli, the major-domo, the master of the chamber, the grand almoner, the secretary, the steward, the governor, Gen. Kanzler, and five chamberlains. There are 20 persons employed in the secretary's office, 15 in the administration of the palace, and 8 in the secret printing house. The Pope has one groom of the chamber and six body servants. The apostolic chamber is composed of a president, 23 couriers, three servants and three orderlies. Cardinal Antonelli and Gen. Kanzler have a suit of 48 persons, while the Swiss Guard and the Pontifical gendarmerie number 200.

—The Carleton cotton [illegible] on Hamilton street, Philadelphia, totally destroyed by fire on [illegible]. The fire broke out in one of [illegible] rooms. A heavy wind [illegible] rendered the operations of the [illegible] some extent useless. The [illegible] feet long by 130 feet wide, five [illegible] and contained fine machinery, [illegible] the stock was entirely consumed. [illegible] is estimated at $450,000. [illegible] surance of $132,000 on building [illegible] on machinery, and $135,000 [illegible]. Twelve hundred hands are [illegible] employment.

—A horse thief was tracked [illegible] way at Grand Rapids, Michigan, [illegible] day. It appears that one of the [illegible] longing to a man in that city [illegible] from the stable. The animal [illegible] missed, and the owner [illegible] started in pursuit, taking the animal's mate, which was [illegible] and suffered to go at pleasure, [illegible] ing several miles the sagacious [illegible] the party into the woods with [illegible] and they came at once upon the [illegible] discovering his dangerous [illegible] horse and hid. Owing to the [illegible] managed to escape, but the [illegible] cured.

—Two English gentlemen [illegible] agreed some weeks since to [illegible] sterling each, if they were [illegible] hama, Japan, on the 25th of [illegible] two P. M., one to go there [illegible] the other via Suez canal. The [illegible] was to proceed via America [illegible] a steamer due in Yokohama [illegible] September, but she was [illegible] other was on board a steamer [illegible] wrecked on the coast of Japan [illegible] before the 25th of September [illegible] rescued passengers arrived [illegible] on the 25th, at 1:30 P. M., [illegible] was the party to the wager [illegible] thirty minutes.

—Willie, son of John Stalter [illegible] ed from his father's house, [illegible] ter, N. Y., on Tuesday. [illegible] for miles around joined in the [illegible] were unable to find him, and [illegible] fearing that he had been [illegible] the family journeyed to New [illegible] sult with the detectives. [illegible] however, the neighbors [illegible] around made a final search, [illegible] of men who walked not more [illegible] apart

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 5, 1875.

Death of Capt. J. K. Hite.

It becomes our sad and painful duty, after two-thirds of our present issue has been worked off, to announce the sudden and unexpected death of our well known and much respected townsman, Capt. J. K. HITE, late Prothonotary of this county, which occurred at his residence in the West Ward at half-past 4 o'clock this (Friday) morning. Deceased was about the streets on Wednesday last, seemingly in his usual health and spirits, nothing whatever about his outward appearance giving a sign of approaching dissolution, and few of our people being aware of his illness until the startling announcement reached them that he was dead. His disease was hemorrhage of the bowels. The remains, we presume, will be taken to Johnstown for interment. Obituary next week.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Cutting-boxes at the Ebensburg Foundry. See 'em—buy 'em.

—The tidal didn't wave worth a continental for us fellows.

—The indications are that very little timber will be made this winter.

—Democratic visages are of the elongated order just now. More's the pity.

—A huge bear was shot near Kittanning Point, Blair county, on Saturday last.

—The next Teachers' Institute will convene in Johnstown on Monday, Dec. 17th.

—Sinners may stand on slippery places these days, but it keeps them mighty busy.

—The election is over and Grant can have all the terms he can get so far as we are concerned.

—Harranft and Rawle are not defeated at all; and that's what makes us Democrats squall.

—October had five Sundays, five Fridays and five Saturdays, and still the election didn't go right.

—By a vote of 83 against 67 it has been decided to divide Conemaugh township into two election districts.

—The estimable wife of our whilom citizen, P. P. Tierney, Esq., is, we are sorry to learn, lying very ill at her home in Altoona.

—The law relating to the shooting of deer has been changed from September 1st to December 1st, instead of January 1st.

—Another bank cashier has fallen—he fell keslap on the slippery sidewalk yesterday. Neither bank nor bones were broken.

—The Pittsburgh *Leader* of Wednesday evening last says that Bishop Domenic, of this diocese, has gone to Rome on a special mission.

—What is known as the old Irwin mansion, in Curwensville, Clearfield county, was destroyed by fire on Thursday night of last week.

—So far as at present known, there were one hundred and seventeen votes cast in this county for Brown, the Prohibition candidate for Governor.

—The Clearfield *Republican* says that the fish in the Susquehanna river are still damned. Well, let them be dammed, and the election with them.

—Mr. Joseph Holstein has mysteriously disappeared from his home in Johnstown, and fears of foul play are entertained by some of his friends.

—A little daughter of Samuel Murdoch, of Ligonier, Westmoreland county, was scalded to death not long since by falling into a wash-boiler containing hot water.

—Since the removal of the family of Mr. James Smith from Altoona to Jersey City, no less than four of its members have died—two sons, one daughter, and now the father himself, as noticed elsewhere.

—There is an unpleasant gap in a family circle over at Pleasant Gap, Centre county, a little child named Tate having pulled a teapot full of hot tea from a table and scalded itself so badly that it died soon after.

—Sickness in his family prevented Dr. Hoffman from fulfilling his engagement at Loretto on Monday last, but he expects to be there on next Monday without fail. Residents in that part of the county who may need the services of a dentist should give him a call.

—The majority for John A. Lemon, the Republican candidate for Senator in this district, will be found to approximate about 600 when the official vote has been counted. His majority in Blair county is estimated at 1,400, while Mr. Hensbey leads him in this county about 800.

—Mrs. Eliza Noonan, of Munster township, will offer at public sale, on Saturday, Nov. 13th, at 10 o'clock, a. m., 2 horses, 1 milch cow, 2 young cattle, hay by the ton, oats by the dozen, corn fodder, 1 two-horse wagon, windmill, plough, harrow, and various other articles.

—Two boys were fearfully burned by an explosion of powder in the fire clay mines at Woodlawn, Clearfield county, one day last week. The explosion was caused by a spark falling from a lamp which they carried. The injured lads may survive, but if they do they will be horribly disfigured for life.

—A ten-gallon keg of brewer's yeast exploded in the Altoona express office on Friday night. The yeast was scattered over the walls, goods, etc., and the report of the explosion was said to be like the discharge of a cannon. The Huntingdon *Local News* says that the loss has not been yeastimated.

—Good land in Clearfield county produced an ear of corn eight inches long, eight inches around the larger end and six and three-fourth inches around the smaller end, and Goodlander, of the *Republican*, has been made happy by having the monster ear presented to him, as if he hadn't enough ears already.

—A young man named Frank Robbins fell from the roof of a house in Clearfield, a distance of about twenty feet, on Friday afternoon last, and striking on his head and shoulders, received very severe internal and external injuries, his body being paralyzed from the waist down. He now lies in a very critical condition.

—It seems like a queer joke to receive on the second day after the election an address from Chairman Wright ordering a charge along the whole line and promising victory if the full Democratic vote should be polled. But then we suppose the thing went astray in the mails, and that's why it didn't reach us at the proper time.

—Godfrey Wolf, whose clothing establishment is the oldest and most extensive in Blair county, has just returned from the eastern cities—Philadelphia, New York, Rochester, &c.—where he purchased the largest stock of clothing ever brought to Altoona, including a fine assortment of overcoats of all styles and prices.

—Amid the general gloom which overshadows the Democratic party it is a great consolation to know that the entire county ticket has been successful, notwithstanding the bitter fight which was waged against two of the candidates by men in our ranks who for the time permitted their feelings to get the better of their discretion.

—Mr. John Lantzey's water saw mill, in Chest township, was destroyed by fire on Friday night last. How the fire originated is a mystery, as it was not discovered until the building was almost consumed. Considerable lumber was also burned. Loss estimated at 1,000, on which there was no insurance. Mr. L., we are told, will soon rebuild.

—Mr. Jas. McGuire, of Clearfield township, succeeded in killing a bear weighing 425 pounds on Monday morning last. He tracked the varmint out of Mr. Anthony McNellis cornfield, in Gallitzin township, and followed him into some laurel, a considerable distance from the starting point, where he succeeded in briging down Mr. Bruin at the first shot.

—A young man named George Smith attempted to get off the mail train west at Sonman station, this county, on Saturday evening last, while the cars were still in motion, but missing his footing he fell beneath the wheels, several of which passed over his head and left arm, severing a large portion of each from his body and killing him instantly. Smith was an employe at the Benscreek mines, near Sonman.

—Mr. Augustine Berkey, of Cambria township, desires us to say that he is ready and willing to meet Mr. Frank Cramer, the Chest Springs gentleman who won the beef a few days ago three times in succession, and wager any reasonable amount that he can beat him in a shooting match at twenty-five yards, off hand, best two in three, or at any other distance desired up to one hundred yards. Put up or dry up—that's the kind of a man Berkey is.

—Owing to the fact that the official vote for Jackson township had not been received up to six o'clock yesterday evening, and also to the fact that it was impossible to get the use of an official table until too late to correct our figures and make the mails, we have been forced to publish an unofficial statement of the vote in this county. Elsewhere, however, we present the footings up on all the candidates, and will publish the official returns in our next issue.

—A singular case of death from fright occurred at Osceola, Clearfield county, on Thursday last, as we learn from the *Reveille*. A farmer named Smith visited that place with a load of produce on the day mentioned, and had just reached a point contiguous to the railroad when the mail train approached at a rapid speed. Both of his horses became at once unmanageable, and the one next to the train reared twice, gave one convulsive shudder, and fell dead on the spot.

—At a regular meeting of the Poor House Directors, held at that institution on Wednesday last, Mr. I. Lilly was reappointed and continued as stewart of the Poor House, Dr. James J. Oatman as physician for the same, and Dr. A. Yeagley was chosen as physician for the out-door paupers at and within five miles of Johnstown. It was also resolved to hold the meetings as heretofore on the first of each month, and all bills are to be sent in at the end of each month without fail.

—Clearfield has produced two beets which weigh seven pounds one ounce and six pounds twelve ounces respectively. Big beets those for a clear field, but a bigger beat and a cleaner field than either of them is the way that James J. Murphy, of 109 Clinton street, Johnstown beats all his rivals in the sale of made-up clothing and furnishes a clear field for everybody to go in and win good bargains. A hefty stock of fall and winter apparel and furnishing goods just received.

—Oh, the changes will follow the years as they go, and shadows must mingle with sunlight we know; the flowers we gather will wither at last; the songs we are singing be lost in the past; but that is no reason, nor none can be guessed, why people with money shouldn't quickly invest in dry goods and groceries, and many things more, which at Myers & Lloyd's famous cash store can be bought at prices so cheap that none can deny that the bargains they give are not all in your eye—no indeed, not by a long shot.

OFFICIAL MAJORITIES.—The Associate Judges met at the Court House yesterday to count up the vote of the county at the late election. We publish below the aggregate vote received by the different candidates, but as the vote of Jackson township had not been delivered to the Prothonotary up to the hour when the counting was finished. We include it as it was received here from private sources:

GOVERNOR.

Pershing	3399
Hartranft	2325
Pershing	1074

STATE TREASURER.

PIOLLET	3366
Rawle	2349
Piollet's majority	1017

SENATOR.

Hensbey	3291
Lemon	2547
Hensbey's	743

REGISTER AND RECORDER.

Singer	3180
Anderson	2646
Singer's majority	534

TREASURER.

Freidhoff	2989
Masters	2816
Freidhoff's majority	173

COMMISSIONERS.

Parrish	3387
Campbell	3208
Lloyd	2395
Jones	2165
Parrish over Lloyd	992
Campbell over Jones	1043
Lloyd over Jones	230

P. H. DIRECTOR.

Patterson	3475
Cunningham	2348
Patterson's majority	1127

AUDITORS.

McCormick	3363
Ross	3194
Thompson	2411
Porter	2486
McCormick over Thompso	952
Ross over Porter	708
Porter over Thompson	75

The Prohibition candidates, Brown and Pennypacker, each had 117 votes in the county, and John Porter, Independent Republican for Commissioner, had 172 votes.

DEATH OF MR. JAMES SMITH.—Not a few among the readers of the FREEMAN will be pained to learn of the death of Mr. James Smith, which occurred at his residence in Jersey City, N. J., on Sunday last. Mr. Smith, if we mistake not, was a native of this county, but for many years previous to his removal to his late home had been a citizen of Altoona, where he was for a time employed as a locomotive engineer on the Pa. R. R., and afterwards as foreman of the upper round house. He also occupied an important position at Jersey City previous to his death and was greatly esteemed by the Company he served. He was indeed one of God's noblest works, an honest man, a sincere and earnest Christian, a devoted, indulgent husband and father, and a true, generous hearted friend. His age was about 48 years and his disease consumption. His death was preceded by that of his daughter Amanda, aged about 19 years, who died of the same disease only a few days previous, and whose remains were kept in a vault in anticipation of the demise of her father. Both bodies were brought to Altoona and interred in the Catholic cemetery on Tuesday last, the double funeral cortege forming one of the saddest sights ever witnessed in that city. May their souls rest in peace.

A HANDSOME WORK.—The fifth part of "*A Century After*," an elegant work giving picturesque glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, has been to hand for several days. The work complete will consist of fifteen semi-monthly parts, costing fifty cents each. The next number will contain some picturesque views in Pittsburgh and vicinity among them Trinity church and a view of the city from Mount Washington. The text of the magazine commencing with part five, will be from the pen of Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, the well-known poet and author, and editor of the Bric-a-brac series, and the work throughout is first class.

WANAMAKER & BROWN.—The largest clothing house in America is that of the firm whose name heads this notice, and is located at Sixth and Market streets, Philadelphia. Read what they say in their advertisement on the second page of this paper. They will do all they promise, and will give every purchaser a guarantee that their goods are sold as low as possible, and then will take them back inside of ten days, if unworn, and the customer is not satisfied with them.

WHERE shall I go to have a good picture taken? We answer that in Pittsburgh, there is one of the finest Photographic establishments in the United States. We refer to the establishment of Mr. B. L. H. Dabbs, No. 46 Sixth street, opposite the St. Clair Hotel. You will find there a splendid assortment of pictures. Mr. Dabbs cannot be excelled in his line.

CAMBRIA COUNTY ELECTION RETURNS--UNOFFICIAL.

DISTRICTS—CANDIDATES—	Lt. Gov. 1874. Latta, D.	Gover'r. 1875. Olmstead, R.	Gover'r. 1875. Pershing, D.	S. Treas. 1875. Hartranft, R.	Treas. 1875. Piollet, D.	Senator. 1875. Rawle, R.	Senator. 1875. Hensbey, D.	Reg&Rec 1875. Lemon, R.	Reg&Rec 1875. Singer, D.	Treasu'r 1875. Anderson, R.	Treasu'r 1875. Freidhoff, D.	Co. Commissioners. 1875. Masters, R.	Co. Commissioners. 1875. Parrish, D.	Co. Commissioners. 1875. Campbell, D.	Co. Commissioners. 1875. Lloyd, R.	P. H. D. 1875. Jones, R.	P. H. D. 1875. Porter, Ind.R.	P. H. D. 1875. Patterson, D.	P. H. D. 1875. Cunigham, R	Auditors. 1875. M'Cormick, D.	Auditors. 1875. Ross, D.	Auditors. 1875. Porter, R.	Auditors. 1875. Thompson, R.
Adams Township	66	45	71	63	70	64	70	65	69	65	60	73	70	72	63	..	..	13	193	22	193	70	70	65	65
Allegheny Township	174	22	193	22	193	22	192	26	175	39	189	23	194	191	24	21	13	193	22	193	193	22	22	22	22
Blacklick Township	39	74	40	76	40	76	38	79	50	67	51	64	40	34	84	71	..	41	75	39	42	76	69	..	..
Barr Township	98	43	86	42	86	42	88	43	90	41	79	52	90	70	47	38	13	88	73	89	54	46	93	..	..
Cambria Township	18	158	49	146	49	146	48	151	67	149	49	149	66	40	154	74	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cambria Borough	102	11	63	10	..	..	103	..	98	..	91	98	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carroll Township	211	18	198	20	198	20	195	25	197	22	197	23	196	187	21	11	13	185	32	197	198	22	14	..	..
Carrolltown Boro'	69	10	60	9	60	9	67	11	68	10	66	12	50	65	12	3	24	53	23	68	64	12	4	..	..
Chest Township	140	10	136	18	136	18	136	18	136	18	134	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Chest Springs Boro'	49	9	55	5	54	4	54	5	54	7	52	4	51	47	48	12	7	52	7	52	52	7	7	..	..
Clearfield Township	197	18	203	18	202	16	202	16	202	16	202	14	202	202	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Conemaugh Twp	39	64	47	102	..	..	45	103	53	97	40	109	45	58	95	101	..	52	97	46	46	104	104	..	..
Conem'h Bor., 1st W.	143	27	263	24	..	..	165	29	168	25	169	25	153	175	25	25	..	175	19	169	165	30	31	..	..
Conem'h Bor., 2d W.	105	17	116	21	..	..	118	20	118	20	121	17	218	121	19	18	..	118	20	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coopersdale Boro'	10	36	6	28	..	..	6	40	6	40	..	46	6	6	38	40	..	12	34	6	6	40	40	..	..
Croyle Township	105	77	113	71	..	..	102	82	106	77	106	78	102	108	82	82	..	102	82	102	102	82	82	..	..
E. Conemaugh Bor.	43	37	40	44	39	40	37	46	40	43	34	48	39	40	41	43	..	39	44	39	39	44	44	..	..
Ebensb'g Bor., E.W.	89	27	24	91	23	71	24	85	42	80	23	83	79	24	103	24	24	88	25	24	87	15	..	..	..
Ebensb'g Bor., W. W.	65	61	58	81	58	80	63	97	47	81	62	104	68	68	42	80	61	85	81	61	49	2	..	..	..
Franklin Borough	38	49	29	58	29	58	29	57	31	55	30	56	29	59	57	54	..	29	56	29	29	57	57	..	..
Gallitzin Township	50	23	45	24	43	24	20	50	20	42	18	44	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gallitzin Borough	82	28	82	21	80	23	57	48	68	36	77	21	87	78	26	17	..	78	26	77	77	26	28	..	..
Jackson Township	47	68	42	91	42	91	48	76	91	30	52	92	43	57	77	34	..	48	74	48	48	75	76	..	..
Johnstown, 1st Ward	60	161	72	168	72	168	68	169	57	200	50	205	69	68	101	137	..	59	83	36	34	106	106	..	..
Johnstown, 2d Ward	40	80	42	100	42	100	37	105	29	115	28	115	36	27	101	137	..	43	77	34	..	75	76	..	..
Johnstown, 3d Ward	93	47	89	59	90	59	90	55	63	82	65	92	88	56	59	..	..	105	45	92	92	58	58	..	..
Johnstown, 4th Ward	70	63	66	83	66	88	67	84	62	90	58	93	61	61	85	88	..	72	73	65	67	83	85	..	..
Johnstown, 5th Ward	66	84	67	101	67	101	65	116	64	120	56	128	66	61	114	120	..	81	104	64	64	120	117	..	..
Johnstown, 6th Ward	49	68	47	84	49	84	48	99	46	101	47	101	48	48	98	98	..	57	91	48	48	100	100	..	..
Loretto Borough	48	8	46	8	46	8	44	10	41	13	45	8	44	46	10	8	..	46	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Millville Bor., 1st W.	98	86	87	50	87	50	85	55	34	102	22	115	85	82	38	53	..	88	50	85	85	53	52	..	..
Millville Bor., 2d W.																									
Munster Township	101	16	88	10	88	10	87	14	81	17	90	10	87	87	11	13	..	88	31	86	87	10	13	..	..
Prospect Borough	48	8	46	7	46	7	46	7	13	40	12	41	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Richland Township	63	73	67	93	67	93	65	95	65	95	67	95	64	71	89	95	..	65	95	64	64	95	96	..	..
Summerhill Twp	80	49	69	40	24	..	..	..	..	..	62	48	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Summitville Boro'	30	6	24	7	24	7	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Susquehanna Twp	79	59	78	47	68	57	75	51	73	53	67	59	72	18	49	27	81	56	66	69	36	22	7	..	..
Taylor Township	79	59	47	75	47	75	47	75	43	97	36	85	45	46	74	52	..	47	75	48	46	75	75	..	..
Washington Twp	203	48	190	42	189	42	189	32	..	..	178	54	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
White Township	72	108	55	99	53	99	57	97	57	97	53	101	57	57	97	61	..	87	97	57	57	97	60	..	..
Wilmore Borough	34	44	31	35	31	35	31	37	33	36	28	141	31	30	37	37	..	32	37	45	27	30	35	..	..
Woodvale Borough	18	37	20	38	20	38	24	30	27	31	25	34	26	27	33	..	..	34	27	27	25	35	34	..	..
Upper Yoder Twp	30	53	25	56	25	56	23	67	19	71	19	71	27	24	67	52	..	34	57	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lower Yoder Twp	37	32	38	30	38	30	39	40	31	48	27	53	39	32	44	64	..	40	40	39	39	40	41	..	..
Totals	3370	2238	..	..	..	..	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000
	2238																								
Dem. majorities	1132																								

LETTERS AND PISTOLS.—*How a Johnstown Fop was Humbled by an Altoona Feminine.*—We have been enabled to gather the following facts concerning a well planned and highly successful strategy for the exchanging of a package of letters: A young lady of this city had been corresponding with a gentleman in Johnstown for a considerable time; in fact, until each had accumulated a large package of letters. Owing to some cause or another the lady desired to stop the correspondence and to exchange each other's letters. To this the young man responded that she should first return his letters and that then he would return hers. To this the former very sensibly objected, and, while in this dilemma, the lady concluded to have the advice of one of our young business men on the subject, and at once laid it all before him. Twenty-four hours sufficed for her friend to perfect a plan, which was considered entirely safe, to make the exchange. The young lady immediately wrote to the young man in Johnstown that he should meet her in the parlor of the Merchant's hotel at 12:30 p. m. next day; that he should bring her letters with him and be prepared to exchange. The nice young man swallowed the bait that was to humble him for life. At the appointed time the young man entered the parlor, all smiles, and with a musical voice, not unlike the screech of an owl, passed the compliments of the day, after which the lady inquired if he had brought her letters, at the same time pocketing his. A few words passed as to who was to deliver first, when the lady finally concluded to hand over his. This act seemed to afford the young Johnstowner considerable amusement, from the fact that he smiled very blandly, and, in a voice, something like the hiss of a serpent, replied that he could not afford to give up her letters as they afforded his friends as well as himself amusement when there was nothing else to pass upon. To this the lady indignantly protested, while he still objected to giving up the letters. With the letters in one hand and hat in the other, he was about turning to leave the room, when click, click! broke on the stillness of the room, and the Johnstown sport, who, but a moment before, spoke so defiantly, felt the cold muzzle of a revolver at his temple with the words hissed in his ear, "Villain, utter but one word, and what little brains you have will be scattered over these walls." The dashing Johnstown swell trembled in his boots, turned ashy pale, and letters and hat dropped from his hands to the floor. While this scene was transpiring the young lady gathered up the letters and left the room. The young lady's friend had accompanied her to Johnstown, and remained outside the door until the moment the young man was about leaving the room, when he swiftly glided to his side with the above result. Little more remains to be said. After the young lady came into possession of the letters and had left the room, a little sound and wholesome advice was given to the crestfallen Johnstown youth, when he was shown to the head of the stairs and kindly requested to make haste his departure. He seemed to heed the advice so kindly given from the fact that he went forthwith. The lady and her friend deserve much praise for their well planned strategy, even if they did accomplish the desired end under assumed names to all but the Johnstown youth. This occurrence took place a very short time since.—*Altoona Mirror.*

DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING PURE WINE.—The difficulty of obtaining a pure wine for sickness is one great cause why physicians refuse to prescribe is where they know it would be a benefit or even cure their patient, because they fear that some poisonous mixture will be given them instead of Port Wine, and the injury be irreparable. Some California wines are being terribly mixed and adultered with alcohol and water and other ingredients to make it cheap, so as to bring a greater profit from the sales. There is an excellent Port, said to be the finest wine in the market, made in New Jersey, from the Oporto Grape, by Alfred Speer, that has become the most reliable wine for Hospital and Communion purposes. This wine has been thoroughly analysed and is pronounced by chemists to be the pure juice of the grape, and to contain the most valuable medicinal properties. It is sold by druggists who purchase direct from Mr. Speer's Vineyards in New Jersey.—*Evening Post.*

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.—It is natural for people suffering with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, or any derangements of the digestive Organs, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Gnawing and Burning Pains in the Pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue, disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, etc., to put off from day to day buying an article that they know has cured their neighbor, friend or relative, yet they have no faith in it until it is too late. But if you will go to your druggists, Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, or to Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore, and get a bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER, your immediate cure is as certain as you live. Sample bottles of this medicine can be obtained for 10 cents to try its superior virtues. Regular size 75 cents. Try it—two doses will relieve any case.

MIND YOUR P'S.—The Bethlehem *Times* gives this valuable bit of advice to the public: "Persons who patronize papers should pay promptly, for the pecuniary prospects of the press have a peculiar power in pushing forward public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly and his pocketbook kept plethoric by prompt paying patrons, he puts his pen to his paper in peace, his paragraphs are more pointed, paints his pictures of passing events in more pleasing colors, and the perusal of his paper is a pleasure to the people. Paste this piece of proverbial philosophy in some place where all persons can perceive it."

"In the sweet buy and buy" is the song of everybody who makes purschases at the cheap cash store of E. J. Mills, where it is sweet indeed to buy and buy and get full value for your money.

ALTOONA'S "BRIDGE OF SIGHS."—She stood, a Nemesis, on the iron bridge at Altoona—the bridge which crosses the maze of tracks of the P. R. R. She was tall and gauntand grim—cadaverous looking—very; her gums were toothless, and her nose long enough to reach through the fence of a potato field and take up the third row. It was night and the Phila. Ex. was due. She appeared to be expecting some one, for her gaze was fixed on the western hills in the direction of the expected train. Ever and anon she clutched the iron railing of the bridge, twining her long, bony digits around it, as though in her desperation she would wrench it from its fastenings, the while muttering, as did "Mariana in the Moated Grange," who only said: "I am aweary; he cometh not," while our heroine exclaimed: "If I but had him here, oh, deary, deary, how I'd punch his head."

The train arrives. It is discharging its passengers. Soon from amidst the throng a couple can be seen approaching the bridge. They are walking, arm in arm, and engaged in a very earnest conversation, "speeding," as it were, "the soft intercourse from soul to soul." The long, lean, cadaverous watcher on the bridge catches a glimpse of their movements; her quivering nostrils "snuffeth the battle from afar," and grows white, then crimson, on the tip; her "soul's in arms, and eager for the fray." They are coming up the steps. She concentrates her forces and prepares for the onset—the approaching party is her husband and one of Altoona's soiled doves; they had been to Gallitzin on a spree. As they reached the top of the bridge the injured woman with the long "paste horn," already crouched for the spring, made a terrific leap; like an enraged tigress she sprang upon her prey. One grasp at the mahogany head of the strange woman and that damsel ascended several feet in the air and instantly disappeared, no one knows where—over the parapet of the bridge, possibly. One blow at the proboscis of her husband and that individual rushed for home with a velocity never equaled, the female with the lengthy bugle, the victor of the short but decisive conflict, in close pursuit, carrying in her hand a forty-cent switch of flaming red hair. We will not describe the scene which ensued when she reached her domicil, but when the neighbors came in they found the house strewn with fragments of broken crockery and furniture, old boots and clothes, table legs, pokers, and other missiles of a dangerous character. On the floor was a prostrate form and over it was bending the family doctor; they breathlessly awaited his decision in regard to the fallen foe; he looked up with a grave countenance, and in solemn tones said: "I *may* be able, in the course of a few weeks, to reduce his head so that it will again fit his hat."

Of the sinful partner of her husband's guilt naught is known, except that the railroad watchman, on his midnight rounds, picked up, under the bridge, a bunch of hair-pins fastened in a tuft of red hair, an old shoe and a glass eye. All else is a mystery—and no other paper has the news.—*E. W. E. of the Wilkeneburg East Ender.*

A FAMOUS MEDICAL INSTITUTION.—Says the Chicago *Times:* "The name of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has become as familiar to the people all over the country as 'household words.' His wonderful remedies, his pamphlets and books, and his large medical experience, have brought him into prominence and given him a solid reputation. The *Times*, in the present issue, presents a whole page communication from Dr. Pierce, and our readers may gain from it some idea of the vast proportions of his business and the merits of his medicines. He has at Buffalo a mammoth establishment, appropriately named 'The World's Dispensary,' where patients are treated, and the remedies compounded. Here nearly a hundred persons are employed in the several departments, and a corps of able and skilled physicians stand ready to alleviate the sufferings of humanity by the most approved methods. These physicians are in frequent consultation with Dr. Pierce, and their combined experience is brought to bear on the successful treatment of obstinate cases. The Doctor is a man of a large medical experience, and his extensive knowledge of material medica has been acknowledged by presentations of degrees from two of the first Medical Colleges in the land."

If you would patronize Medicines, scientifically prepared by a skilled Physician and Chemist, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is nutritious, tonic, alterative, and blood-cleansing, and an unequaled Cough Remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for Pain, Bowel Complaints, and an unequaled Liniment for both human and horse flesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head" ever given to the public. They are sold by Druggists.

GODFREY WOLF IN THE FIELD.—The fall is at hand; summer's heat will soon give place to the cooler breezes of autumn, and this in turn to winter's chilly blasts. He is a wise man who, by careful forethought, duly prepares for these changes of temperature by laying in at the proper time an ample supply of suitable clothing. No house in the country is better able to supply this need than that of Mr. Godfrey Wolf of Altoona. When he announces he will be prepared to exhibit at his store No. 1014 Eleventh avenue, a full line of all the latest styles of goods, *he means exactly what he says.* His stock is simply *immense*, and great care has been taken in his selections to get the best and newest designs of imported as well as domestic goods. While he thus offers inducements in the way of variety, he has still something better in the way of prices. It has always been his motto to furnish his goods at the lowest possible prices, and his great success proves the wisdom of his course. We cordially recommend our readers to call on him at 1014 Twelfth street, next door to the postoffice, Altoona.

THE DESTRUCTION OF MORRISON, BARE & CO.'S PAPER MILL.—We referred briefly last week to the fact that the paper mill of Morrison, Bare & Co., at Roaring Spring, Blair county, from whence we drew our supplies, had been totally destroyed by an explosion, and are now enabled to give full particulars of the calamity, gleaned from the last issue of the Hollidaysburg *Register*:

On Monday morning last, about 8 o'clock, a heavy rumbling report was heard at the Paper Mill of Messrs. Morrison, Bare & Co., at Roaring Spring, this county, and upon looking in that direction, heavy irons, timbers, and different kinds of machinery, was seen flying in every direction, and the paper mill was a vast heap of ruins. The Straw Digester, a sort of engine, had burst[ed]. It was 18 feet in length, 6 feet in diameter, ⅝ inch iron; weight 7 tons. It went high up in the air, several hundred yards, till it appeared not larger than a common sized tin bucket, and alighted in a field upon the hill, some two hundred yards away—the smaller end striking the earth and sinking 6 feet into the solid ground, the other part breaking off and alighting some 25 feet below.

The smoke stack was blown beyond the church, about ¼ mile. Heavy irons and timbers, shot like arrows, from one end of the building to the other, and other heavy articles in all directions, and it is providential that no lives were lost, although several persons were badly injured. The Straw digester usually carried 80 pounds of steam, and was calculated to carry 200 pounds with safety—though this morning she had on only 75 pounds, and it is not known, or at least not yet made public, what was the cause of the explosion.

The injured are—John Henry, badly scalded and bruised; Ames McKee, badly scalded; Frank Hancock, badly scalded, bruised and cut. John Hainzy, badly scalded; Baxter Hamilton, scalded badly; and David Butler, Wm. M. Hancock, and John Price, slightly injured by bruises and cuts. Although the first 3 named are seriously injured, yet the physician, Dr. Stayer, thinks they may all recover.

Four of the above persons were buried in the debris, and were not rescued from their perilous position for about 15 minutes—John Snyder was blown from the door of the engine room, some 25 feet, to the top of the roof of the machine shop, and came down with the roof, and escaped only with a bad fright.

The mill is a perfect wreck; in fact, we have never before seen such a complete pile of ruins. The machinery, timbers, &c., are scattered around in all directions, for several hundred yards, and nearly all the machinery is destroyed or badly injured. About $3,000 of prepared stock was a total loss—and the loss to building, machinery and stock will not fall short of $30,000. Messrs. Morrison, Bare & Co., have been very unfortunate with this mill. About seven years ago, it was destroyed by fire, and a few years later, an explosion occurred, causing considerable loss. At the time of this last accident, Mr. Morrison was in Pittsburgh, Mr.

STEINBERGER.

It is simply within the last fifty years that the practice has prevailed of employing only over-ripe grapes in the production of Steinberger, after the fashion which a doubtful tradition reports to have been in vogue for nearly a century past with regard to Schloss-Johannisberger. The vintage rarely commences until late in the Autumn, and is sometimes delayed even into the Winter. The pickers, sturdy peasant girls of eighteen or twenty years of age, have their gowns looped up in kirtle-fashion, according to regulation, so as not to brush the over-ripe grapes off as they pass between the rows of leafless vines, thus affording them the opportunity of displaying the very brightest printed flannel petticoats and the gayest colored stockings which money can purchase at Mayence. The season being cold, most of them wear mittens and have woolen comforters tied over their heads, so as to allow of the ends falling down their necks behind. The men who perform the heavier work occasionally get themselves up in jager costume—gray suits, piped and faced with green, boots half way up the legs, and tufts of feathers stuck jauntily in their mountaineers' hats. Singing in chorus some song in praise of the Rhine and its wine, the pickers commence at the foot of the slop, one to each row of vines, and move steadily forward in a compact line with all the precision of disciplined soldiers. With little spring shears, which they carry secured to their waists, they clip off the ripe bunches as they pass along, picking from them at the same time the shriveled and ripely rotten berries, and throwing them into a separate receptacle. This is what is termed the "ausless," and from these selected grapes a special and luscious class of wine is made, of fine flavor, and more or less sweet, according, as the grapes have attained the stage known as *edelfaide*—in other words, a "noble rottenes"—or are merely ordinarily ripe. When the pickers have filled their tubs, men go round and collect the contents in oval-shaped wooden vessels called "legeln," which they carry strapped to their backs. From these the grapes are consigned to the hand mills stationed by the roadside, and after being thoroughly crushed are emptied, together with the expressed juice, into a large cask, fastened by strong chains to a kind of dray, which requires a couple of horses to drag it up the steep winding roads. The aperture of the cask is invariably secured by a padlock before the dray leaves the vineyard, although the press-house at the neighboring Valley of Eberlach can be reached within ten minutes, and there is no other habitation beyond a large lunatic asylum within a couple of miles of the spot, so jealously guarded is the produce of the famous Steinberg vineyard.

LOCOMOTION IN MADERIA.

The universal mode of getting about is either to ride on horseback or in a bullock-sledge on runners, or to be carried in a hammock. There is, however, a fourth mode of descending from the mountains for three or four miles on a few roads, and this is by sledges. A car, to hold either two or three persons, is placed on wooden runners and descends the steep, wall-inclosed roads principally by its own weight. At starting, and where the inclination is not great, it is dragged down by two of the wonderfully active Maderia peasants, who run by its side at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, each guiding it by a leathern thong attached to its front on either side. It requires but little or no exertion to draw it along, for the road is everywhere steep, and always smoothly paved with pebbles or long stones, to which additional smoothness and even polish, beyond that produced by mere friction, is given by the constant application of grease to the runners of the bullock cars. When, however, the road becomes very steep, the men stand on the framework of the car with one foot, while with the other they guide or check it, and the car then shoots down by its own weight with a velocity that is not a little exciting, and, after the first dash off, extremely agreeable. The speed is often more than twenty miles an hour. It is wonderful how the angular corners are turned, the car lurching up first toward one wall then toward the other; with what ease speed is slackened or arrested, and how seldom any serious accident happens. Merchants living in their quintas often make use of these sledges to go to their counting-houses in the morning, returning in the afternoon usually on horseback.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

COLERIDGE AS A HUMBUG.

The elder Dilke's memoirs contain much that is interesting. He says that in one place that "Underwood and Mackenzie say that there was more humbug in Coleridge than in any man that was ever heard of. Underwood was one day transcribing something for Coleridge, when a visitor appeared. After the commonplaces, Coleridge took up a little book lying upon the table and said, 'By the by, I casually took up this book this morning, and was quite enchanted with a little sonnet I found there.' He then read off a blank verse translation, and entered into a long critique upon its merits. The same story, the same translation, and the same critique were repeated five times in that day to different visitors, without one word being altered. Mr. Underwood says that every one of his famous evening conversations was got up." Wordsworth used to do the same thing.

She testified before the magistrate that "dot pilly goats shoost vas a—a—vell, I was vashing py some clodings of a pig tub, und them gotes coom up pehind un d—vell, shoge, I don't ken told you how dot vas. I feel me someding pehind my pack, und shump over der tub und sthand me on my head up mit dot tub's bottom up, und der clodings sphilt shoost like me, and dem gotes vink at me mit von eyes und vag his tails of mine face, und valk out py his pehind legs like a man, und I can't sit me down cood any more already." The goat was fined one (s)cent, which he left behind.

EBENSBURG
HARDWARE
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISH'G STORE
IS THE PLACE TO BUY
STOVES, HARDWARE, TINWARE, IRON,
NAIL, GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, &c.
[6-18-] GEO. HUNTLEY, Prop'r.

FARMERS AND OTHERS, if you intend to build a house or barn, or otherwise improve your property, go to HUNTLEY for NAILS, GLASS, PAINTS, HARDWARE, &c. Money saved by buying for cash.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and examine the neatest little CHOPPING MILL ever introduced. It chops from 10 to 12 bushels of rye, corn or oats per hour. BUY ONE—IT COSTS ONLY $35.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy the BEST CORN FODDER AND STRAW CUTTER ever sold in this county. Their cost more than saved in one year by cutting your feed with it.

THE BEST SILVER-PLATED WARE in the market at 25 per cent. less than city retail prices. Sold for cash at [6-18-'75.-tf.] HUNTLEY'S.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your HARVEST TOOLS, which he sells CHEAPER FOR CASH than they can be bought elsewhere in Ebensburg.

HUNTLEY will sell you WALL PAPER as cheap, if not cheaper, than any other dealer in Ebensburg, and trim it into the bargain without extra charge.

BLACKSMITHS, HUNTLEY will sell you Horse Shoes, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Bar Iron, Nail Rod, Cast Steel, &c., VERY LOW FOR CASH.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy the BLANCHARD CHURN, the best in the world. Sold for Cash at manufacturer's prices.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and get the best MOWING AND REAPING MACHINE made. PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and save 25 per cent. by paying cash for Table Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.

CARPENTERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your TOOLS and BUILDING HARDWARE. Pay cash and save 20 per cent.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your Stoves and Tinware. PAY CASH AND SAVE MONEY.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and get the best HORSE HAY RAKE ever introduced. CHEAP FOR CASH.

GO TO HUNTLEY FOR CLOTHES WRINGERS. He sells them at greatly reduced prices for the ready cash.

A LARGE LOT OF POCKET AND PENKNIVES very cheap for cash at HUNTLEY'S.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves,
Heating Stoves.
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly-fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

THE HOLDIAYS ARE OVER!
AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE
PRICES
At E. J. MILLS'
Cheap Cash Store
Are not over, but rather under, those of any other dealer in
Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Hats and Caps,
Boots, Shoes, Notions,
GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, &C.,
In this "Neck o' Timber."

☞ A complete and elegant assortment of new goods now in store will positively be sold at the closest margin. Country produce at the highest market prices taken in exchange for goods. Full satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. Store on High street, near Centre street.

E. J. MILLS.

Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.-tf.

EBENSBURG
BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Historics, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

☞ PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS,
JOHN D. THOMAS,
Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [9-11,tf.]

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

F. W. HAY & SON
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETA
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet-Iron WARES,
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

W. D. M'CLELLAND.....JOHN HANNAN.
M'CLELLAND & CO.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Fancy and Plain
FURNITURE!
AND CHAIRS.

We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
IN STYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS

Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for
OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE
IN PIECES OR SUITS,
At PRICES Below
Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.
Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street,
NEARLY OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

☞ All Furniture sent for and delivered in the city free of charge. [3-13,'74.-tf.]

Wood, Morrell & Co.,
WASHINGTON STREET,
Near PENN'A R. R. DEPOT,
Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS
MILLINERY GOODS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL-CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASSWARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
PROVISIONS and FEED of all kind,
Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as
FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, ETC.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

Andrew Moses,
TAILOR AND DRAPER,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Parke's Marble Works,
139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.

Sept.20.tf. JAS. P. MURPHY, Cashier.

WONDERFUL MEMORIES.

Scribner's Monthly for November has the following: Pliny says that Cyrus had a memory so prodigious that he could name every officer and soldier in his armies; and that Lucius Scipio knew every Roman citizen by name when that city contained more than 200,000 capable of bearing arms. Seneca speaks of a friend, Pontius Latro, who could repeat *verbatim* all the speeches he had heard declaimed by the Roman orators. It is said that Joseph Scaliger committed to memory both the Iliad and the Odyssey in twenty-one days. Sir William Hamilton tells of a young Corsican of good family who had gone to study civil law, in which he soon distinguished himself. "He was a frequent visitor at the house and gardens of Muretus, who, having heard that he possessed a remarkable art or faculty of memory, though incredulous in regard to reports, took occasion to request from him a specimen of his power. He at once agreed; and, having adjourned with a considerable party of distinguished auditors in a saloon, Muretus began to dictate words, Latin, Greek, barbarious, significant and non-significant, disjointed and connected, until he wearied himself, the young man wrote them down, and the audience who were present;—'we were all,' he says, 'marvelously tired.' The Corsican alone was the one of the whole company alert and fresh, and continually desired Muretus for more words, who declared he would be more than satisfied if he could repeat the half of what he had taken down, and at length he ceased. The young man, with his gaze fixed upon the ground, stood silent for a brief season; and then says *Vidi facinus mirificissimum.*' Having begun to speak, he absolutely repeated the whole words in the same order in which they had been delivered, without the slightest hesitation; then commencing from the last, he repeated them backward till he came to the first. Then, again, so that he spoke the first, the third, the fifth, and so on; did this in any order that he was asked, and all without the smallest error. He assured me (and he had nothing of the boaster in him, that he could recite in the manner I have mentioned to the amount of thirty-six thousand words. And, that is more wonderful, they all so adhered to the mind, that after a year's interval he could repeat them without trouble. I know, from having tried him, he could repeat them without trouble. I know, from having tried him, he could do so after considerable time."

A WONDER OF NATURE IN FLORIDA.—For many years past there has been noticed a column of smoke or steam rising from an impenetrable swamp a short distance from the Gulf coast, in Wankulla county. A short time since, Judge White and a party of gentlemen in Leon and Gadsden counties formed an expedition to reach, if possible, the undiscovered wonder. They started from St. Marks in a sailboat and made their way eastward to the mouth of Pinhook Creek. One of the party says:

"The coast here is very singular, and suggests the presence of volcanic action at some time in the remote past. We look upon it as a favorable indication of the volcano we were in search of. The whole coast is a mass of rocks. One called the "Gray Mare" forms a natural bath house, walled in on all sides. * * * The bed of the river is a mass of rock, and two miles from its mouth its whole volume is vomited up with immense force from the yawning jaws of a rifted rock. Here the river proper terminates and then commences a series of sinks, which extend for twenty miles back."—*Semi-Tropical Monthly.*

ANCIENT WALL IN MISSISSIPPI.—About eighteen miles from Port Gibson, and one mile from Brandywine Springs, on the place of Mr. O'Quin, the existence of a great number of blocks of cut stone has been known for an indefinite time, and the people in the neighborhood have used them for props for their houses. Mr. James Gage, Jr., went out there a few days ago to explore, and had a specimen stone brought into town. It is about three feet long, by about twenty inches square, resembling in shape a bar of soap. It is probably a native sandstone. Mr. Gage took this block himself from beneath the roots of a large pine tree. It formed the portion of a wall about twenty feet broad on the top, which Mr. Gage traced for a distance of two hundred and fifty yards. The inference that one would naturally draw from this superficial view is that this must have been a city wall, but deep exploration might show it to be a portion of a fort, temple or other building. Anyway, its antiquity is probably immense, antedating the history of the red men.

—"The smallest man in the world" is announced in London. The real name of this gentleman is Jean Henema; his nom de plume Admiral Von Tromp, and his native place Francher, in Holland. He is 26 years of age, stands twenty-six inches in his stockings, and is actually a foot shorter than our "Thumb." The Admiral's accomplishments are varied; he converses fluently in English, French, Dutch, German, and Italian—all these languages crammed into a head no bigger than a California apple. It is too much. We can fancy the agony of Thumb as he reads of this formidable rival, but he need not despair. No man was ever so small that a smaller could not be found. Strange it will be if Barnum does not fish out a fellow who has to be looked at through a microscope, who can put the Declaration of Independence, Bunyans Pilgrims Progress, and Joaquin Miller's poems, with a diamond pointed steel pen, into the latest device in postal cards. Tromp holds the trick just at present, but it will be a P. T. if Phineas doesn't behold him with the naked eye and go him one better.

COMPARISON OF BREEDS OF POULTRY.—Isaac Lynde, of Ohio, wrote to the *Poultry World*, a year ago, that on the 1st of September he took ten pullets, each of five breeds, each within a week of being six months old, and placed them in yards forty feet square, and otherwise comfortable. For the next six months he kept an account of their food and egg production, with the following results:

The Dark Brahmas ate 269½ quarts of corn, oats and wheat screenings; laid 605 eggs, and weighed 70 pounds.

The Buff Cochins ate 406 quarts, laid 591 eggs, and weighed 78 pounds.

The Grey Dorkings ate 309½ quarts, laid 524 eggs, and weighed 59½ pounds.

The Houdans ate 214½ quarts, laid 783 eggs, and weighed 45½ pounds.

The Leghorns ate 231½ quarts, laid 807 eggs, and weighed 36½ pounds.

It will be seen that the Leghorns laid the greatest number of eggs with the smallest wight.

A QUEER INSECT.—There was captured in the streets of Austin, Nev., the other day, a curious insect which the *Revilie* thus describes: "It is of the tarantula order, and its back, which is about the size of a twenty-five cent piece, is pure white in color, and when viewed from one side presents the exact marks of the features of a human face, with a complete mustache. When viewed from the reverse side the marks assume the appearance of the face of an animal of the feline species." The animal was embalmed in alcohol and placed among the curiosities in the cabinet of the Sazerac saloon at that place.

OCTOBER, 1875.

LADIES'
MERINO VESTS AND DRAWERS.
CHILDREN'S
MERINO VESTS AND DRAWERS
INFANTS'
MERINO CLOAKS AND SHAWLS.
The largest and most complete assortment ever offered in Johnstown, will be found at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

Money Saved
BY BUYING
BLACK CASHMERES,
BLACK ALPACAS,
BLACK CRAPE D'ETES, AND BLACK SILKS, FROM
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS
AND TOWELINGS,
In common and fine quality, can be bought at very low prices at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

LADIES'
TIES, COLLARS, CUFFS,
RUFFLES, AND NOVELTIES IN FANCI GOODS,
always found first at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

HOSIERY!
The largest and most complete assortment in in Johnstown of
LADIES', GENTS', AND CHILDREN'S HOSE,
will be found at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

Ready-Made CLOAKS,
NEW AND FASHIONABLE,
Decidedly the most desirable stock in Johnstown, will be found at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S,
Nos. 112 and 115 Clinton Street,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

CARPETS,
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
MATTINGS, &c.
The largest stock to select from and the place to find the choice patterns, at low prices, is at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

FOR FASHIONABLE AND DESIRABLE
DRESS GOODS!
AND
TRIMMINGS,
There is no place in Johnstown to be compared to
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

TICKINGS, SHEETINGS
Ducks, Drillings and
PILLOW-CASE COTTONS.
You will be sure to get the worth of your money by buying from
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

LADIES' FURS, FURS, FURS!
Ladies' Gloves, Gloves, Gloves!
GENTS' GLOVES, GLOVES, GLOVES!
Fur, Dogskin, Kid, and Cotton. No finer goods anywhere than at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

WHEN YOU VISIT THE EXPOSITION,

CALL AT
278 Penn Avenue,
PITTSBURGH,
AND SEE THE
NEW PATENT
Atmospheric Disk
For holding Artificial Teeth firmly in place in
Eating, Talking, Laughing, Singing, Coughing or Sneezing,
and making them as
Comfortable and Reliable
AS NATURAL TEETH,
—AND TAKE—

DR. QUINCY A. SCOTT'S ABSOLUTELY SAFE —ANÆSTHETIC—
And have your Teeth Extracted while pleasantly Dreaming.

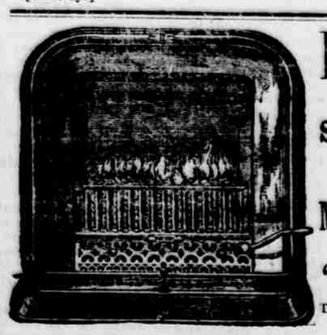
BUY YOUR MUSICAL GOODS AT
KNAKE & McGINN'S,
Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE!
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEDRATED
KNAKE & McGINN PIANO, AND THE PHILHARMONIC ORGAN
GENERAL WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE
PATENT ARION PIANO.

Dealers in Dietin & Co.'s (London), Besson (London), Saxe (Paris), Piston Valve, and our own make of Rotary Valve BRASS INSTRUMENTS. The best and freshest Strings for all Instruments constantly on hand.

Being PUBLISHERS of SHEET MUSIC, we make this branch a specialty, and always keep a full stock of the latest and best pieces on hand. Our stock of music books of all kinds is complete. PIANOS AND ORGANS SOLD ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN. OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

Clergymen, Principals of Seminaries, Leaders of Bands, Teachers, and all wishing to purchase Musical Goods, will find it to their interest to communicate directly with us. Catalogues and Price Lists furnished free on application.

WAREROOMS, No. 12 Sixth Street, (Late St. Clair.)
[1-29.-1y.] PITTSBURGH, PA.



BISSELL & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Stoves, Ranges, Grates, Grate Fronts, Fenders,
ETC., ETC., AND DEALERS IN
MANTELS, Marbles and Marbleized Slate.
Also, Sole Manufacturers of
"Peerless" Shaking Grate,
The latest, best and only reliable Agitating Grate in use. SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

235 Liberty Street and 242 Penn Avenue,
[10-8.] PITTSBURGH, PA. [1m.]

BLOOD! The BLOOD is the LIFE, and if it is impure the whole system will be diseased. You cannot purify a stream while the spring is corrupt; neither can you impart good health to the human body while the blood is conveying the seeds of disease to all parts of it. Therefore PURIFY the BLOOD, and nature will heal the disease. No remedy has ever been discovered which has effected so great a number of *permanent* cures as

LINDSEY'S
IMPROVED BLOOD SEARCHER!

It is rapidly acquiring a national reputation for the cure of

Scrofulous Affections, Cancerous Formations, Erysipelas, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Scald Head, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Mercurial and all Skin Diseases.

The remedy is a Vegetable Compound, and cannot harm the most tender infant. Ladies who suffer from the debilitating diseases known as FEMALE COMPLAINTS will find speedy relief by using this remedy. Beware of counterfeits. The genuine has our name—R. E. SELLERS & CO., Pittsburgh,—on the bottom of each bottle.

For sale by all Druggists and Country Dealers, and by A. A. BARKER & SON, Agents, Ebensburg, Pa. [Sept. 10, 1875.-3m.]

The Great Cause of
HUMAN MISERY.
Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 6 cts.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers,

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
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F. A. SHOEMAKER.....WM. H. SECHLER.
SHOEMAKER & SECHLER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
[9-1.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.]

ROAST SWAN.

The early history of gastronomy is in favor of the cygnet, though, unlike the goose, it was never charged as being too much for one and too little for two. We find it gracing the boards of Emperors, Kings, Popes, Cardinals, and Bishops, all of whom knew what was good, and how to feed; and, whatever may be thought of their value for the table now, we learn that in the reign of Henry VIII., when money was of far greater value than at present, swans for the table were charged at pounds twelve shillings apiece, besides the cost for properly *carrying* them through the kitchen to the dining-room in full dress, one of which items of expense was warranted by a sance of good strong beef gravy and port wine being poured *through* the swan almost continuously while on the roast, and then the bird introduced with *hot* currant jelly. There are those in the present day who affirm that cygnets thus cooked are delicious, and that if they fail to please the palate, they must have been kept beyond November, after which an amount of artificial preparation will preserve them in proper flesh, fat, and fine. To the writer who can eat most things, who is accustomed to roughing it, the taste is simply execrable; while others at the same table have declared that they could detect all the exquisitely combined *gout* of the goose and the hare; a discovery the writer has been disposed to impute to the overwhelming use of the currant jelly, or else duding to tolerance the rank solecism like flavor of the swan. Why, if otherwise, is it not now a favorite at our feasts? It possesses every ancient prestige to make it popular, and, with relation to royal or city banquets, the fashion of "killing one's own game" is yet more the custom than ever. Cannot the taste be revived?—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE LOIRE.

The Loire is of a very different character from the generally well-conducted Seine, which, so far as it is free from the revolutionary influences of the tide, is a friendly river, meaning no harm. The Loire always means harm. Now and then, when it is excited, it overflows its banks, carrying ruin and desolation around; but it shrinks into a scarce distinguishable channel marked out by dangerous quicksands — quicksands which swallow up totally, without help or warning, the unhappy man who touches them, be he a swimmer or rash bargeman—not to speak of the more innocent sand-banks which choke the way, and upset the boat without swallowing the men. The stream now rushes through this narrow and devious course, threading its complicated way, now here, now there, across the entire breadth of the channel, is strong enough, in its tumultuous current, to sweep away everything it encounters, and leaves the traveller at a loss to think how he is to extricate himself from any entanglement of sandbanks. Notwithstanding all this, however, its attractions are great. Few rivers can boast so many interesting places, so many old towns, cathedrals, castles. The reader will remember Madame De Sevigne's shuddering terror of the torrent which lay between her and her daughter; but the names of Blois, Amboise, Tours, and many more will also come to him—attractions which perhaps the great letter-writer of France would have cared much less for than we do.—*Blackwood.*

THE CONQUERORS OF THE WORLD.

The aim of Genghis was literally the conquest of the world—as he conceived it—and was nearer its accomplishment in his own life, and in that of two of his descendants, Kublai and Timur, than it had ever been before, or is likely to be again. The empire which he created counted within its limits probably one-half of the whole human race, and extended from the Sea of Okhotsk, at the north-eastern extremity of Asia, over the whole breadth of the Continent as far as the Black Sea. Images of such ambition seems, it must have its source in some perennial springs of action common to our nature, since it constantly reappears with a certain periodicity in successive ages—fortunately far apart—and in races still more widely separated by ethnographic characters and surrounding conditions. Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian, Greek, Roman and French have each in turn sent forth heroes on this quest for universal empire. With the Romans alone it became the insanity or ambition of a people, who for successive ages sought to be the rulers of the world, and actually founded an imperial sway over Europe from the Rhine to the Danube, and in Asia and Africa, nearly as far as Alexander had penetrated on either continent. The whole of Asia and Eastern Europe had not, however, been under the sceptre of a single ruler until Timur swooped from his Mongolian steppes, the heir of the first Great Mogul, and camped in the heart of Hungary and Poland, with a mixed multitude of tribes and nations for his army.—*Fortnightly Review.*

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

Thorvaldsen visited Lucerne for the purpose of inspecting a fitting site for the famous monument to the Swiss Guards who fell at Paris on the 10th of August 1792. Thorvaldsen had accepted the commission, and made the design of the lion who lies mortally wounded, with his head and one paw resting on the shield of France. It is said that the sculptor had never seen a living lion—a story that has too much the appearance of the marvelous to be readily credited. He had, at all events, already modeled one both in the "Triumph of Alexander," and in the bas-relief of "Cupid and the Lion," and in neither is any deficiency apparent, in the conception of the king of beasts. The intention was to have executed the monument in bronze, and placed it in some prominent part of the picturesque city of Lucerne; but his presence there altered his views. He saw at a glance the capabilities of the peculiar rock in the vicinity, in which the lion, solidly hewn in an excavated niche, has a far finer effect than any separate structure of marble or bronze could have produced.—*Edinburgh Review.*